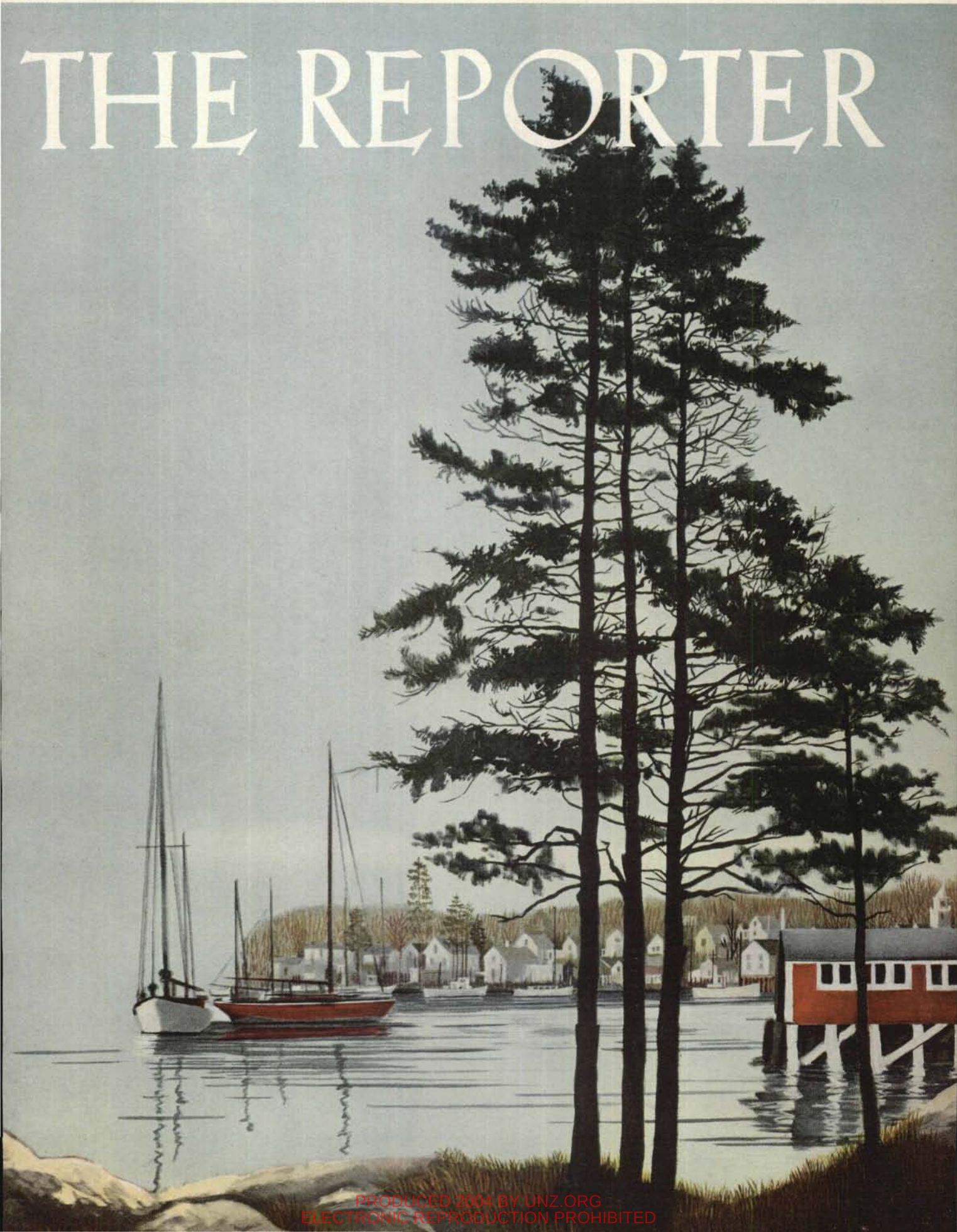
A Belated Effort to Save Our Cities

December 28, 1967 35¢

THE CREATIVE VISION OF EUROPORT

THE REPORTER



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What kind of career is systems engineering? "A bit like being a doctor," Goodrich confesses. "You've got to diagnose your customer's information problem, design a remedy—then make sure that it does the job.

"Here at their mine, American Metal Climax had a big inventory problem. To solve it, we've just installed a computer system to keep track of the huge flow of materials needed to produce 43,000 tons of ore every day. It takes everything from 10 tons of blasting powder to 35 tons of steel.

"Each customer has a different problem," John Goodrich points out. "But that's what makes this an exciting career. You're never bored when it's your job to learn the ins and outs of many different industries. From molybdenum mines to you name it."

From a beginning little more than a decade ago, the computer industry and its suppliers now employ hundreds of thousands of people. John Goodrich's career is only one example of the new job opportunities that have sprung from this growth. The future promises even greater opportunities.

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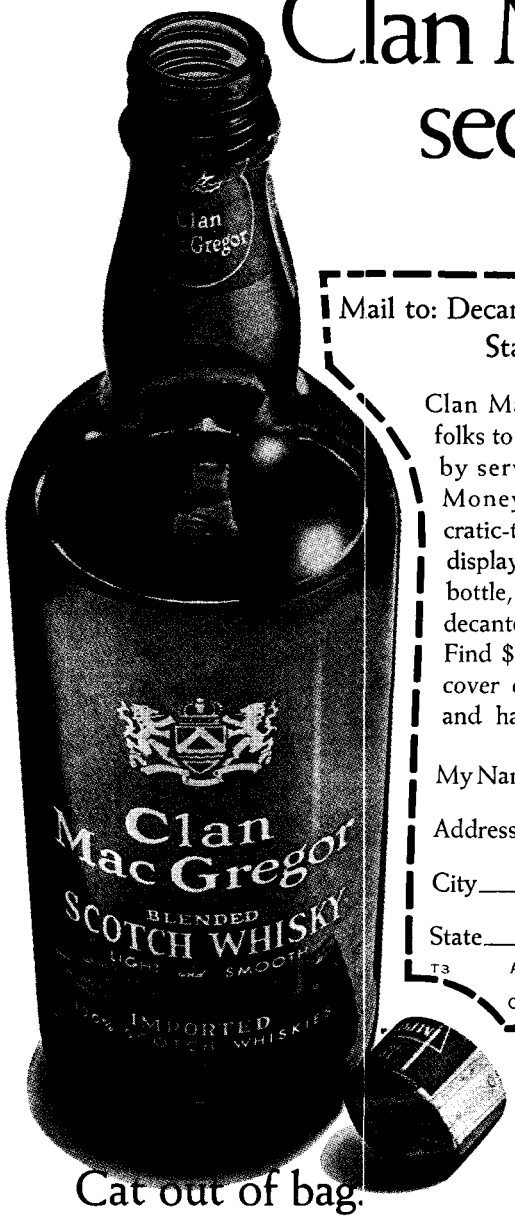

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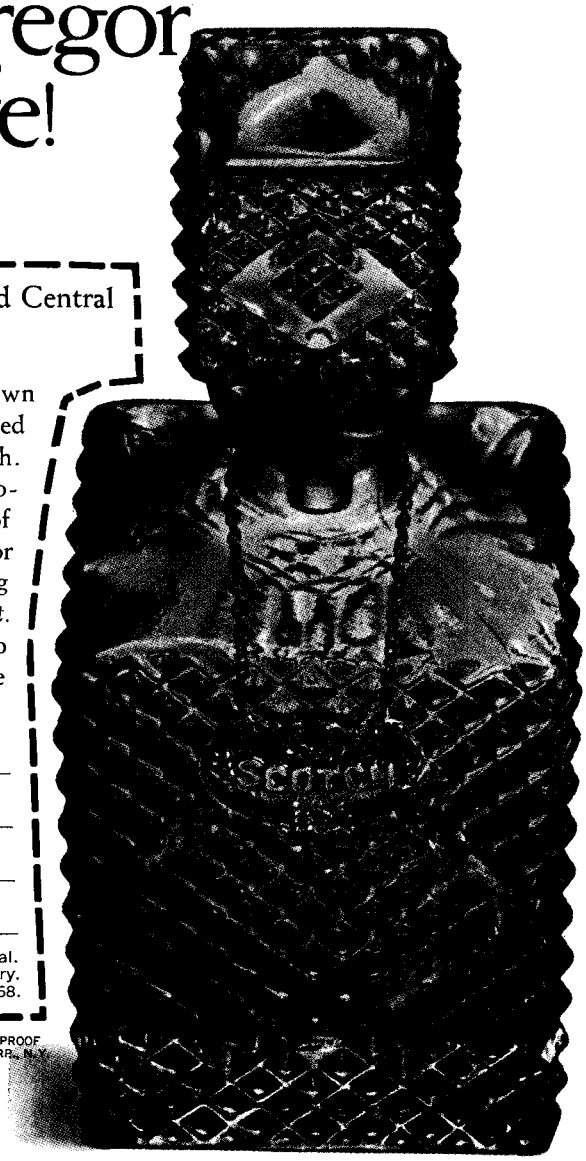

Secret safe.

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #181

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Acrostician—

THURGOOD MARSHALL

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

MAX ASCOLI proceeds in his task of studying the causes of the present disarray in our country, this time focussing his attention on the intellectuals who have taken the nominal leadership in suggesting half-thought ways for ending the nation's engagement in Vietnam.

IT IS OBVIOUS that the nation's major housing duty is to rid the cities of slums and provide their inhabitants with a decent place to live at prices they can afford. Equally obvious is the fact that not much progress toward this goal is being made by the Department of Housing and Urban Development, the responsible Federal agency. HUD, however, is faced with gigantic obstacles—the vastness of the problem, the inheritance of policies that favored middle-class suburban or upper-income urban housing at the expense of the inner city, bureaucratic snarls, Congressional stinginess, and no clear plan of how to finance construction that private industry finds unattractive. From Washington, **Martin Nolan** reports that HUD is trying hard to catch up with a situation that only received proper Federal recognition when the agency achieved cabinet level in 1965. . . . The vigor of the new Europe is exemplified in a port and industrial complex at Rotterdam. Europort, built by the Dutch to serve the Common Market countries, is the world's first harbor in seaborne tonnage handled. **Noel Mostert,** who free-lances from a Tangier base, interviewed the planners who have made Europort a major Dutch asset. . . . A less constructive European economic attitude is described by **Edmond Taylor** from Paris, where alarm over the size and influence of U.S. investment on the Continent has spread from the Gaullists to their adversaries of both the Right and Left. . . . Nobody knows better than **Dean Acheson** how the Communists regard negotiation, and he has delivered some keen observations on the subject in answering questions put to him on a televised interview of the Public Broadcast Laboratory. . . . Like other corporations, the Big Three of the automobile industry are seeking ways they can help reduce the urban tensions of the kind that blazed into violence in Detroit last summer. The automakers have promised jobs to the disadvantaged unemployed, but so far, according to **Robert W. Irvin,** automotive writer for the Detroit *News,* their contribution has been relatively small. . . . **Luis E. Aguilar,** who teaches history at Georgetown University, analyzes the logic of Castroism as preached by the French Marxist Régis Debray and shows where it must fail as a model for Latin-American revolutionaries. Mr. Aguilar's *Marxism in Latin America* will be published in March by Alfred A. Knopf. . . . **Fernando Krahn** sends a Christmas card.

OUR SHORT STORY at this season is by a new writer, **Elizabeth Christman,** who teaches English at Saint Peter's College in New Jersey. . . . **Gerald Weales,** critic, novelist, and editor, is professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania. . . . **Roland Gelatt** edits *High Fidelity* and is the author of *The Fabulous Phonograph* (Meredith). . . . **John Engels** is on the staff of Saint Michael's College in Winooski, Vermont. His first book, *Hunting Patterns,* will be published in the spring by the University of Pittsburgh. . . . **Ted Kooser** lives in Lincoln, Nebraska, where he is an underwriter in the risk-appraisal section of a life-insurance company. . . . **Daniel Hoffman's** books include *Barbarous Knowledge: Myth in the Poetry of Yeats, Graves, and Muir* (Oxford) and *The Poetry of Stephen Crane* (Columbia). Two collections of his verse are also in print from Oxford. . . . A former newspaperman, **Woody Klein** is assistant administrator for public affairs of the City of New York's new Housing and Development Administration. He is the author of *Let In the Sun,* published by Macmillan three years ago.

Our Christmas cover is by our art director, **Reg Massie.** The scene is near Boothbay Harbor, on the coast of Maine.

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 182

by HENRY ALLEN

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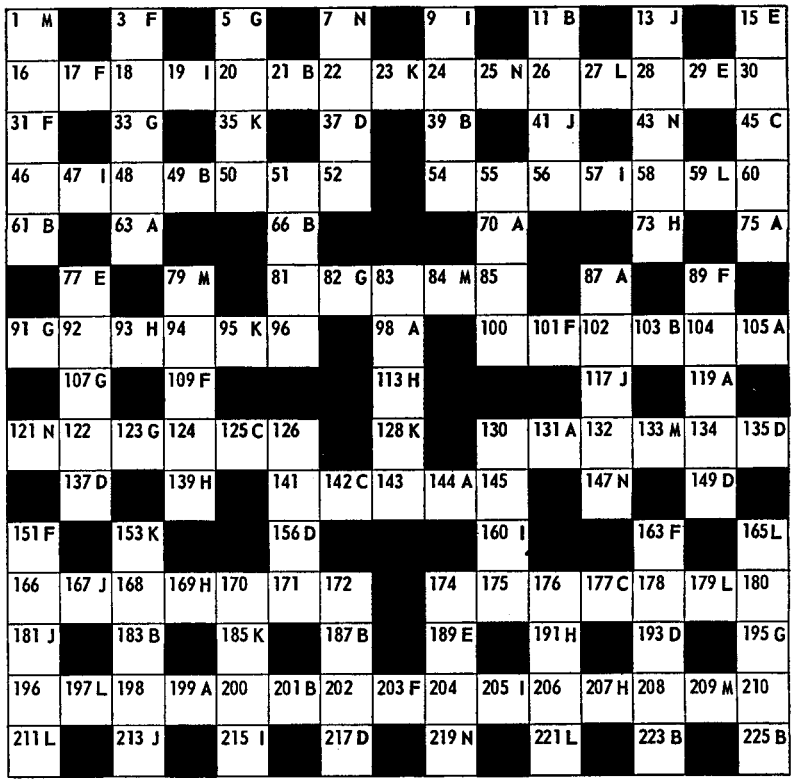
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A — 199 75 70 98 131 119 144 87 63 105 Skull and bones (5,5).

B — 223 11 49 187 201 103 225 183 21 39 66 61 Military units for offense (6,6).

C — 142 45 125 177 Madam (dial.).

D — 135 149 217 193 37 137 156 Confrontation, when it is to itself.

E — 15 77 189 29 A tax.

F — 17 163 203 101 3 89 31 151 109 Distant bearing (5,4).

G — 107 33 82 195 91 5 123 Most possible.

H — 93 73 191 113 139 169 207 One of the Seven Deadly Sins (Latin).

I — 9 205 47 215 160 57 19 Word made up by Lewis Carroll, meaning a combination of a chuckle and a snort.

J — 13 41 213 167 117 181 Work of the Acrostician.

K — 35 153 23 95 185 128 "But methought it lessened my_____ of a king, that he should not be able to command the rain." Pepys, "Diary."

L — 221 27 179 59 197 211 165 "A votary of the desk—a_____and cropt scrivener..." Lamb, "Essays of Elia."

M — 84 1 209 133 79 To impede in law.

N — 121 25 147 7 43 219 "The_____ courteous...the quip modest...the reply churlish..." Shakespeare, "As You Like It."

ACROSS

16. With 166 across, work of the Acrostician (5,2,3,5,7).
46. Show with the party or art.
54. He's wizard, he is.
81. Stand out among Sussex celebrities.
91. Armored or posted?
100. Kind of cricket bowl in Kerry O'Sullivan's game.
121. Note again and speak of it.
130. State of India which seems to apply to a discomfort of mine.
141. An Illinois city which asserts it's a young male.
166. See 16 across.
174. The theme is of the Middle Easterner.
196. Well-known tart thief, American version (3,4,2,6).

DOWN

1. Halts and toss softly.
3. Blaze up with Lear loudly.
5. The employer has a crooked trick.
7. Whitey of Ayrshire.
9. A dog or what he eats?
11. A *ruler in a decent sarcophagus.*
13. An Indian tribe for a bit more than an hour.
15. A military hat has OK features.
51. Monkeyed around and mimed.
55. Friend in principally good times.
77. The beast came before fifty.
79. Entreat when he grew pallid.
83. Put a hundred on the member and go up.
87. Grits before grinding, perhaps.
89. U.S. naval officer and the liquor he took with him?
126. Glasswort in black alizarin.
130. Story for the lisping girl?
151. Malice in Israelis' pit excavations.
153. Henry James turned this.
163. Constellation of the bar after fifty-one.
165. Kind of believer who dies before tea.
170. A North Carolina cape to worry about.
172. Suggested diet for the poor, according to the Queen.
174. Easy in the lees of terror.
176. It's smooth—you can't say that's odd.

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CORRESPONDENCE

WE AND THEY

To the Editor: Your editorial "We and They" (*The Reporter*, November 30) is a happy reminder that there are still a few liberal eggheads around of the hard-boiled variety who think that the Soviets are really doing their non-nuclear best to bury us and that the Chinese only lack the capacity, but not the intent, to do the same thing. Vietnam is complex enough without the soft-boiled eggheads scrambling the situation still further by assuming that peace in Vietnam will bring cessation of the protracted Chinese and Soviet conflict with the United States. It won't. An expedient political settlement or a precipitate withdrawal will almost certainly intensify it.

RAYMOND A. MOORE, JR.
Durham, North Carolina

JOB PROGRAM

To the Editor: I was pleased to see the Thomas R. Brooks article "A Job Program That Works" (*The Reporter*, November 16). We in the Department of Labor are very proud of the success of the Joint Apprenticeship Program in its efforts to help disadvantaged youth enter union apprenticeship programs. I am hopeful that your article will help to spur nationwide interest in this most worthwhile program.

W. WILLARD WIRTZ
Secretary of Labor
Washington, D.C.

THE HILSMAN AFFAIR

To the Editor: It is always hard for me to disagree with anything that Meg Greenfield writes, and her latest article ("The Kiss and Tell Memoirs," *The Reporter*, November 30) is no exception. I find her analysis of Roger Hilsman's book *To Move a Nation* both penetrating and accurate. I was in a personal position to verify many of the points that Miss Greenfield makes.

CHESTER L. COOPER, Director
Institute for Defense Analyses
Arlington, Virginia

To the Editor: Meg Greenfield has done the most perceptive and analytical review of this type of work that I have ever read. If only we could have more such reviews for these "now it can be told" memoirs! I faced some of the problems she mentions when I published my own *Memoirs* a couple of years ago. I tried, in general, to follow her prescriptions, even though they were not yet in existence.

CALVIN B. HOOVER
Durham, North Carolina

To the Editor: In the article on the Hilsman book, Meg Greenfield combines her customary care in dealing with the complicated facts in Washington with her fine sense of humor. Would that both these qualities had been more evident among those who rushed into magazine and book exposés immediately upon leaving senior government positions. Miss Greenfield uses gentle understatement in reminding us of the harm that can be done to the functioning of a democratic government if top-level, confidential conversations tend to be disclosed in bits and pieces—and in a partisan fashion, to boot.

FRED C. IKLE, Professor
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Cambridge

To the Editor: Meg Greenfield's perceptive demolition of Mr. Hilsman's public catharsis was richly deserved. It is high time that we began to differentiate between history and pop literature.

Your magazine continues to provide an island of hard-hitting objectivity in a sea of bias and cant. Denis Warner's coverage of Vietnam is the best I've read anywhere.

WELBY SMITH
Washington, D.C.

BIRD NOTES

To the Editor: Your birdwatchers ("The Reporter's Notes," November 30) have reported some fascinating species of our Feathered Friends. Other birdwatchers have reported that there are Lyre birds, and they suspect that this species may exist in the wilds of Credibility Gap.

J. B. COSTELLO
Oakland, California

To the Editor: I just spotted a really rare bird, flushed out by the vociferous Marching Leftwing. Not certain, but I believe it's a Kennedy Stand-in.

JOHN MAYFIELD
New York

TV AND TOKENISM

To the Editor: Royal D. Colle's thoughtful essay ("Color on TV," *The Reporter*, November 30) provides an excellent capsule review of the history of the problem of discrimination on TV and points up its critical importance. My only reservation is that the reader may be left with the feeling that substantial progress is being made. My opinion is that TV had nowhere to go but up insofar as Negro appearance is concerned. Thus, television has reached the stage of tokenism after years of systematic exclusion of the Negro.

I did a survey of commercials for the NAACP Legal Defense Fund which was released in August. Limiting the monitors to sports programs (where Negro athletes play important roles), I found that in only seventeen of 351 commercials viewed did a Negro appear—a rate of five per cent. But of these seventeen, almost half were momentary glimpses. In only three commercials—one per cent—was a Negro the "star" of the commercial. Furthermore, while beer companies use Negroes frequently in commercials, no bank, insurance company, gasoline brand, or food advertiser presented Negroes on commercials included in our sample.

My differences with Mr. Colle are, of course, minor interpretative points. Both he and your journal are to be commended for exploring a neglected part of the struggle for equal opportunity.

LAWRENCE PLOTKIN
Acting Director
Social Dynamics Research Institute
City University of New York

To the Editor: Royal D. Colle's article leaves the impression that the Office of Communication of the United Church of Christ has been defeated in its three-year campaign against the renewal of Station WLBT's license to broadcast on grounds of discrimination against Negroes. The ruling by the FCC hearing examiner in favor of the Jackson, Mississippi, television station does not end the case. The ruling has been appealed, and the case will now be heard by the full commission. Its decision will be reviewed by the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia.

Mr. Colle neglected to mention that three United Church of Christ agencies have also petitioned the FCC to issue a ruling requiring "all broadcast licensees to furnish satisfactory evidence at least annually that they do not discriminate in employment practices on the basis of race, color, religion or national origin." Failure to comply would be grounds for denying renewal of the station's license. Nineteen national organizations, including the NAACP and the ACLU, have endorsed the petition, as have many members of Congress. Yet the FCC has failed to take any action.

It is true that some stations are voluntarily changing the lily-white image of broadcasting. Nevertheless, non-discrimination must be a legally established practice written into the regulations under which stations operate.

REV. EVERETT C. PARKER
Director, Office of Communication
United Church of Christ
New York

FAR EAST SECURITY

To the Editor: I was appalled at the unreality of Patrick J. Herrity's proposal ("Correspondence," *The Reporter*, November 30) for a complete withdrawal of U.S. forces from Japan and the Ryukyus and for "selling to Japan at bargain prices" part of the American mothball fleet. The political mood in Japan and Asia renders his plan impracticable. While "hawks" still don't soar in Japan, apprehension entertained by many Asian nations toward the revival of a militarily potent Japan is not known to have totally subsided. For the U.S. President to pursue at this moment the course of diplomacy advocated by Mr. Herrity would be to work an irreparable schism in Japanese opinion and to heighten anxiety in other Asian countries, all to the detriment of the area's peace and stability.

YUTAKA TSUBOI
Washington, D.C.

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Greetings from Fernando Krahn

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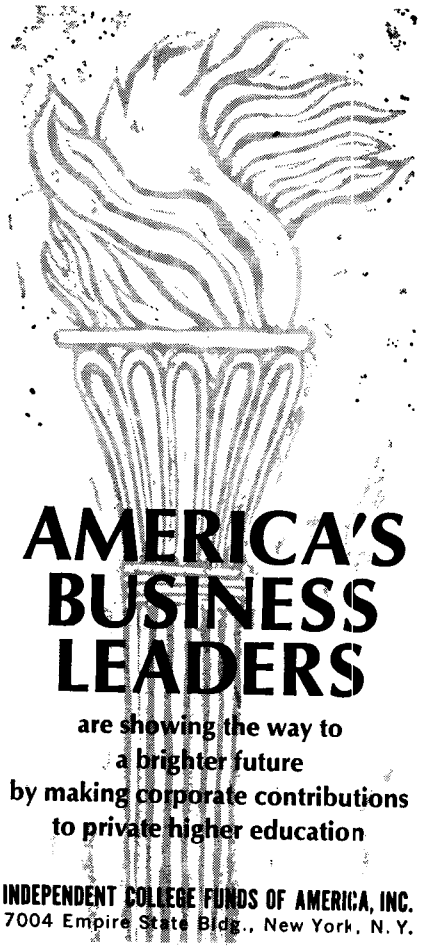

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

That Tragic Land

The mid-winter madness in Greece—the false alarms, phantom excursions, and inaudible proclamations from defunct radio stations ending with the flight of King Constantine to Rome was prompted by two misassessments. The first was that the Cyprus issue—specifically the agreement to withdraw the bulk of the Greek contingent from the island in the face of Turkish threats of war—was sufficiently important to move the majority of Greeks to side with the King against the junta. This misassessment stemmed from the conviction of a number of generals and field officers loyal to the King that the "completely dishonorable Cyprus settlement" was intolerable to national pride. The second misassessment derived from the first: that there was enough feeling for the King in the army to support an appeal to overthrow the junta. When the attempt was made in the Third Corps Area in northern Greece, purportedly a royalist bulwark, the generals who gave the orders to proceed against the Junta were simply arrested by their subordinates. And that was that.

The misassessment of the Cyprus issue is understandable. The trouble is that the issue itself is so charged with emotion and with the compelling Hellenic ethnos—the Greekness of the Greeks. Cyprus is the last great prize of Greekdom to be redeemed from Turkish influence, and there tactical manipulation failed to work. The Greek humiliation over Cyprus was itself the result of the frame of mind that caused the death of over twenty Turkish Cypriot civilians during the senseless bombardment of two villages and ruined General Grivas, the Greek commander on the island. It was this, too, that drove former Premier Constantine Karamanlis, still the most prestigious Greek alive despite his four-year exile in Paris, finally to pronounce against the junta in late November—just in time to provide a crucial element in the King's decision.

Even before the horrible mistake of shelling the Turkish Cypriot villages and before the vagaries of the extreme anti-Communist junta had further alienated him, Makarios, who had already established good relations with the European Communist countries, was an uncompromising if devious opponent. To counteract Makarios' influence and that of the very strong and highly organized Cypriot Communist Party, the Greek government had long since increased the Greek Army contingent on Cyprus to ten or fifteen times the agreed quota of 950. To make the counterinfluence perfect, the Army placed George Grivas, the hero of the island's liberation struggle against the British, in command of the Greek contingent as the ideal checkmate of Makarios.

THE WHEEL of intrigue and counterintrigue that has now come full circle was started by Makarios and kept turning by Andreas Papandreou. He began the practice under his father's premiership of sending leftist Greek officers to Cyprus—among them members of the small ASPIDA organization, whose aim, like that of Andreas Papandreou and Makarios, was the severing of Greece's military alliance with the West. In reaction to this move, Grivas exposed the ASPIDA conspiracy and implicated Andreas. Andreas persuaded his father not to meet Turkish Premier Inönü for talks on the Cyprus issue and influenced him to reject the Acheson plan for uniting Cyprus and Greece while protecting the Turks' interests on the island. It was his father's efforts to cover for Andreas during the investigation of the ASPIDA affair that caused the King to dismiss him and brought on the

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"I have not yet, indeed, thought of a remedy for luxury..." BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Original wood engraving by Bernard Brussel-Smith

"I am not sure that in a great state it is *capable of a remedy;* nor that the evil is in itself always so great as it is represented.

"Suppose we include in the definition of luxury all *unnecessary expense*, and then let us consider whether laws to prevent such expense are possible to be executed in a great country, and whether, if they could be executed, our people generally would be happier, *or even richer.*

"Is not the hope of being one day able to purchase and enjoy luxuries, a great spur to labour and industry?

"May not luxury, therefore, produce more than it consumes, if, without such a spur, people would be, as they are naturally enough inclined to be, lazy and indolent? *To this purpose I remember a circumstance.*

> "The skipper of a shallop, employed between Cape May and Philadelphia, had done us some small service, for which he refused to be paid. My wife, understanding that he had a daughter, sent her a present of a new-fashioned cap.
>
> "*Three years after,* this skipper being at my house with an old farmer of Cape May, his passenger, he mentioned the cap, and how much his daughter had been pleased with it.
>
> " 'But' (said he) 'it proved a dear cap to our congregation.'
>
> "How so?"
>
> " 'When my daughter appeared with it at meeting, it was so much admired, that all the girls resolved to get such caps from Philadelphia, and my wife and I computed that the whole could not have cost *less than a hundred pounds.*'
>
> " 'True', (said the farmer) 'but you do not tell all the story. I think the cap was nevertheless an advantage to us; for it was the first thing that put our girls upon knitting worsted mittens for sale at Philadelphia, that they might have wherewithal to buy caps and ribbons there; *and you know that the industry has continued*, and is likely to continue and increase to a much greater value, and answer better purposes.'
>
> "Upon the whole, I was more reconciled to this little piece of luxury, since not only the girls were made happier by having fine caps, but the Philadelphians by the supply of warm mittens."

"Poor Richard" put his finger on this simple key to an expanding economy over 200 years ago. So, isn't it strange to find people—well-meaning people—in this country today who still frown on the luxuries most of us work to enjoy? They want the government to restrict the broad range of products and services in the marketplace. And to cut back on advertising because it makes people want things they don't need.

Don't need? Well, of course, no little girl *needs* a bow in her hair. Yet, Mary Murphy will forever top off the apple of her eye with a ribbon. And where would the ribbon factories be without her? And the ribbon clerks?

It is just this very human desire to add the little frills to our living that has created our jobs and our prosperity . . . the ribbon factories and automobile factories and television factories . . . and the most dynamic economy in man's history. Shouldn't we be careful about how we tinker with the forces that have created all this? Because the simple, troubling truth is, nobody knows for sure how far you can regulate our economy without damaging it.

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continuing crisis culminating in the April military putsch.

At issue, basically, are—or were—two conflicting concepts of union between Greece and Cyprus: one, the conservative-royalist view, foresaw union within NATO. Karamanlis said recently to a friend, "I thought Cyprus would fall to us like a ripe fruit." But he made it clear that the *sine qua non* of this concept was reconciliation with the Turks to give them "all and more than they wanted in order to remove this cancer between the two peoples as quickly as possible." The other concept, favored by Communists and leftists, was that *enosis*, union, could be achieved only outside NATO, that the essential precondition was withdrawal from the western alliance, arguing that it would be irrational to expect the West to support one ally, Greece, at the expense of another, Turkey. It was also a prime Communist objective to keep the newly independent Cyprus out of NATO and, by dangling the last great prize before their eyes, to lure the Greeks out of the alliance.

The Papandreous sought to get hold of the established order and turn it against itself. They have succeeded. Their challenge provoked the Greek military to mount a coup that swept everything away—with the all-important exceptions of the King in Greece and George Grivas in Cyprus. Now Grivas has been recalled in disgrace and the King is gone.

The first move of the junta after the King's flight was to arrest all prominent royalists; the rank and file are in full retreat. The elimination of the monarchical buffer means a direct confrontation between the junta and the Communist Party of Greece which, although deep underground, is the only other organized political entity in the country. The virtual removal of the Greek contingent on Cyprus led to the arming of the Cyprus militia by President Makarios with weapons purchased from Czechoslovakia and smuggled into Cyprus against the prohibition of the United Nations Command.

The result, in short, is the perfect polarization of extremes—and the willy-nilly alignment of the remaining political spectrum—liberals,

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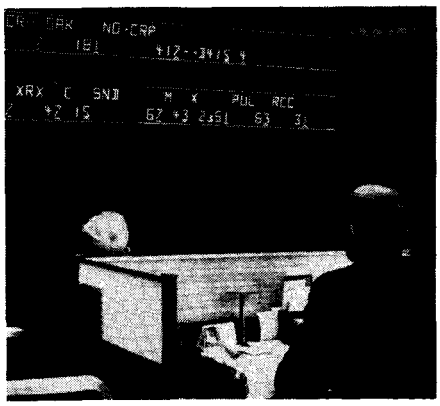

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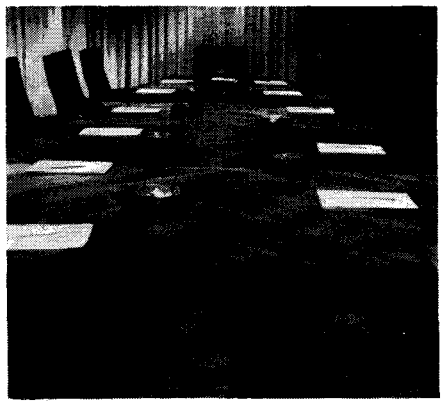

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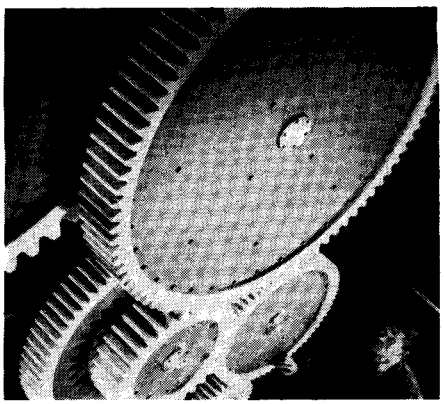

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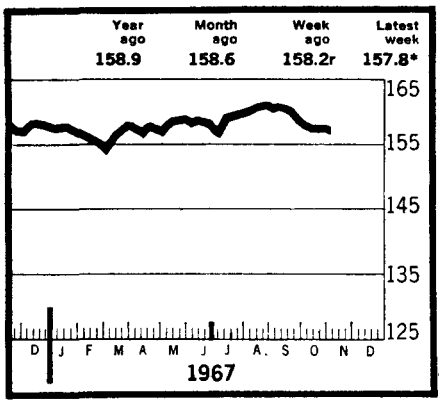

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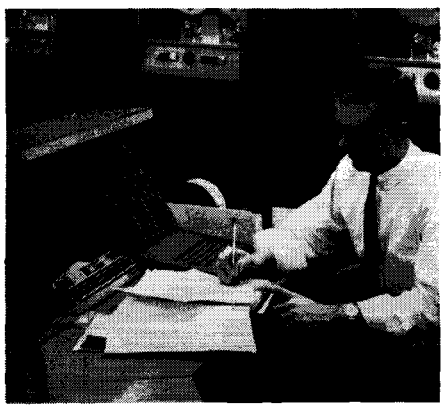

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moderates, conservatives, leftists (and the great bulk of world opinion) against the junta and hence *with* the Communists. "Whoever is not against us," runs the new coexistential praxis as applied in Greece, "is with us." The Greek situation has developed like a comedy; at its core it is a tragedy—a tragedy without catharsis.

Jungle Law

On February 5 in Pretoria, Justice J. F. Ludorf of the South African Supreme Court is scheduled to pass sentence on thirty-five South-West African nationalists who have been tried for the capital offense of terrorism under one of the most outrageously unjust laws of modern times. The Terrorism Act passed by the South African parliament in June just four days before the defendants were brought to court was tailored to condemn them and made retroactive to June, 1962, to cover the period of their alleged crimes.

Originally there were thirty-seven defendants. Three have pleaded guilty to the charges of entering South-West Africa illegally and engaging in guerrilla activity for the South-West African People's Organization (SWAPO). One has been acquitted and one died in detention. All were seized in South-West, flown to Pretoria, and placed in solitary confinement—many for more than a year—while the instrument of their fate was being prepared. This was necessary because the existing treason laws were not broad enough and did not apply to South-West, a territory mandated to the Republic by the League of Nations. (In 1966, the U.N. General Assembly revoked South Africa's right to administer the territory, an action which the Republic has declared illegal and ignored and which the U.N. is unwilling to enforce.)

The new Terrorism Act permits arrest without a warrant, indefinite detention for interrogation, and mass trials for separate offenses. It bars habeas corpus, bail, preliminary hearings, and visits from relatives. It makes it a capital crime to "cause or promote general dislocation, disturbance, or disorder," to "cause substantial financial loss to any person," to "cause, encourage, or further feelings of hostility between the white and other inhabitants of the Republic," and to "embarrass the administration of the affairs of the State." And the burden of proving innocence falls on the accused.

Truly, as Morris B. Abram, the U.S. representative to the United Nations Commission on Human Rights, has said, the whole procedure "makes a mockery of due process and the rule of law as practiced in civilized societies. These defendants are being tried by a foreign government whose rights have already been forfeited in South-West Africa. The defendants have been transported a thousand miles away from home to be tried without a jury in a foreign land." Small wonder that almost all of them elected not to give evidence before the sham trial adjourned on December 12.

While the world heard much about the miraculous heart transplant performed by South African medicine, little has been reported about this abomination of South African justice. The Republic does not grant visas to newsmen who may be critical. The U.S. embassy did not regularly assign an observer to the trial until it was almost over. Thus the best hope remaining to the accused—the force of an outraged world opinion—has been slow in forming. Even so, it may not be too late.

Good for Berkeley

It may be wishful thinking, but we are encouraged by reports from Berkeley about a button that has had considerable sale on the University of California campus: "Fight Blight—Burn a Billboard Tonight." Could all that energy of the young activists be diverted from burning draft cards and into constructive fields, such as conservation?

As a matter of fact, some University of California activists opened their Christmas holidays with protests against the lumber company that was allegedly cutting particularly handsome redwood trees (on the company's own property) at the Emerald Mile, near Prairie Creek, where Congress might possibly delineate the National Redwood Park when it gives this issue priority in January.

Many of these same students testified last October at a West Coast Congressional hearing into the redwood park issue after a "march" aimed at emphasizing the need for the largest possible park. Their button then was "Better Redwood Than Deadwood."

The activity on behalf of conservation sprang up at Berkeley three years ago, coincident with the Free Speech Movement and other campus rebellions. It uses much of the same muscle, but the students are determined to "keep it legal" since the intent is to influence lawmakers. Probably the liveliest of the groups is ACT (Active Conservation Tactics). "We see so much of the country being ruined right before our eyes," said Kenneth Sanderson, ACT leader, "and we figure we're the ones who will have to live with it. That's what gets us going."

When the drab industrial community of Emeryville neighboring Berkeley on San Francisco Bay wanted to elbow an industrial fill out into parts of the Bay which conservationists thought they had protected, the most effective opposition was aroused by students in ACT. They put together huge banners and set up picket lines along the mud flats where the major morning commuter traffic passed. A legislative issue few might have heeded got wholesale newscast coverage and public response because the mud-splattered young people made their protest conspicuous.

That's the kind of mudslinging we heartily commend.

Happy New Year

We've been trying to think of something *nice* that happened in 1967. We have seen a few little boys giving their bus seats to old ladies, a few old ladies feeding a lot of pigeons, and there was a "happening" staged on behalf of fat people in Central Park ("Take a Fat Girl Out to Dinner" sounds jolly enough). Elizabeth Taylor didn't get divorced and remarried (or vice versa), but apart from these minor consolations, it wasn't one of the better years. But then, apart from the minor consolations, few years are. Here's to old ladies, pigeons and little boys, and a happy new year to you all!

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The Unpossessed

DO THEY KNOW what they are doing to their country, these professionals of reflection and expression called intellectuals? Do they think that by having set themselves apart from the major venture in which America is engaged they have become a separate and sovereign estate? No matter whether connected or not with the campuses, there are enough of these unpossessed people to inflict the punishment of loneliness on those of their peers who refuse to go along. Their following is large among the paraintellectuals down to the most modest levels of the communications trade and among young people, students or dropouts, who used to sit in and now march on—to the Pentagon, for instance, or to the induction centers.

True, this genuinely peaceful country has had two civil wars, one called the War of Independence and the other still called in the South the War Between the States. Civil conflicts of the most bitter nature preceded America's entry into the two World Wars and left unforgettable marks on many a public figure. But not one of the civil conflicts was kept raging with increasing fury by so many and so varied segments of the population while American soldiers were fighting an enemy openly supported and armed by our country's most implacable opponent.

WHY? If there is a link between that external opponent and the disaffection among our own people, it is up to the government to produce the evidence of it. Private citizens who are not ashamed to be patriots have more than enough to do in searching for the causes of these unprecedented national disturbances. The search can well start by looking inside ourselves, for there is scarcely anyone who can claim complete innocence. Who has not thought that, like past commotions, this one, too, would run its course? America has proved to be the beneficiary of many immunities. No other great industrial country had been spared class war. There had been hostile reactions against any large-scale foreign immigration, but the Melting Pot was supposed to have done the job. Even those of us who knew how inept the metaphor was, and how different were the handicaps each national and religious group had to overcome, nevertheless cherished the prospect that the Melting Pot could work for, of all people, the American Negroes.

True, even in comparatively quiet times, a Hamlet-like question was asked: Have we a national purpose? There is no relatively young country that has not been afflicted by such doubts. Usually they are answered by tomes of what could be called a sort of sociological autobiography. Toward the end of the Eisenhower era, the question about our national values or goals was raised again, and a committee was appointed to report on the matter. Recently, on a TV program, the Johnson administration was accused of having deprived the nation of its purpose by insisting on the war in Vietnam. This kind of indictment, with a number of variations, is constantly to be heard. On that particular TV program, the indictment came from no less an authority than that voluble verbalizer Richard Goodwin.

All trash aside, this country is too mature, too burdened with responsibilities to indulge in the adolescent game of racing after its basic value. The Americans are not the chosen people, and no sane American has such a notion. But it just so happened that in this vast section of the world a heterogeneous collection of people developed ways of living and of growing that have proved to be well suited to human nature. It also happened that the Americans have been somewhat reticent in explaining to themselves and to others how they did it.

Now, in facing its most ruthless imitator, this knowledge must become fully articulate. Unfortunately, the large majority of intellectuals, and particularly in the academic community, have assiduously cultivated noncommittalism.

The intellectual community cannot be considered as the major cause of the present disarray. Those to whom a personal responsibility can be attributed are the ones whose frivolity would never have come out so glaringly had not the Presidential election of 1960 brought them into a position where they could enjoy the glitter of power. Then the atrocious death of the young President made them dedicate their energies to the stultifying notion that power was their due.

THE INFLUENCE of these few men is not as great as their vanity. Yet it must be admitted that merrily, in a spirit half of fun, half of revenge, they have done harm to the nation. They are taken seriously abroad, listened to at home by their colleagues and students. Should the New Left acquire any degree of power, they will have no cause to rejoice. Should an anti-intellectual revulsion occur, the nation would greatly suffer.

It is somewhat unnecessary and most unpleasant, but nevertheless proper, to name at least two of the men I have in mind: Professors Galbraith and Schlesinger, the chief Mandarins at the court of Senator Robert F. Kennedy.

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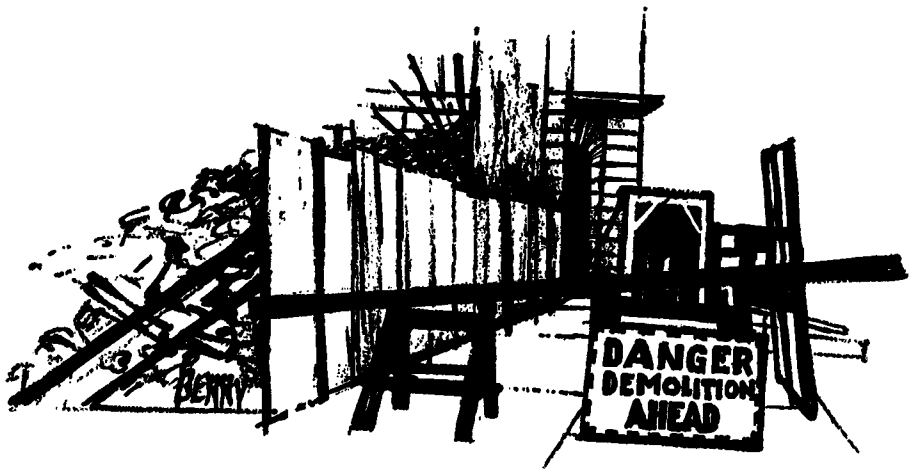


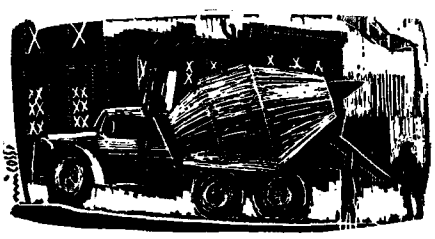
A Belated Effort to Save Our Cities

MARTIN NOLAN

SISYPHUS, King of Corinth, was repaid by the gods for his wickedness in life by a punishment that has fascinated observers from Homer to Camus. In the lower world, he was forced to roll a large rock uphill; as soon as it neared the top the rock always rolled back down again. The task of the Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) is somewhat comparable. The department's main problem lies in atoning for the past mistakes of America. Its officials are trying to expiate the carelessness, if not the wickedness, of American attitudes toward cities and their surrounding land and in particular to correct the harmful results of Federal policies of at least three decades. The vastness of this first corrective task and the realization that little else can be done before it succeeds make HUD's burden heavy indeed.

Each new urban program has been designed essentially as an antidote, not a cure. Increased aid to mass transit attempts to redress the imbalance caused by the indiscriminate growth of Federally aided highways; the rent-supplement program tries to erase the barrackslike brutality of public-housing projects; the Model Cities program attempts to humanize urban renewal, which had too often erected luxury apartments or office towers without improving the housing of the poor people it displaced.

The feeling of futility in most discussions of urban problems in the United States is due not only to the scope and volume of these problems but also to the fact that America came to a full realization that it was an urban culture only in 1965, when HUD became a cabinet agency. Earlier cabinet agencies had been given missions with less urgent timetables. The Department of the Interior was founded in 1849, before the nation's great westward expansion; Agriculture in 1889, before vast technological changes came to farming; Commerce and Labor in 1903, before Henry Ford started his Model T production line. But HUD was chartered *after* foreign and farm immigration made America a nation of cities and, more importantly, after the more sudden emigration to the suburbs during the two postwar decades. Both of these mass movements were unsupported by any planned public logistics, a lack that many HUD programs are trying to correct.



HUD PROGRAMS that have brought some cohesion to suburban growth include aid for mass transit, open space, metropolitan planning, public-works facilities, and water and sewer systems. These programs, all fairly new, are comprehensive, well planned, well executed, and popular. They are also of primary benefit to suburban communities, whose growth and very existence have been dependent on Federal policies. The Federal Housing Administration has, since 1935, issued more than $84 billion in mortgage insurance, creating suburbia and helping to entice middle-income families from central cities without due compensation to the cities. This prejudice against cities and in favor of suburbs is the most grievous Federal sin for which HUD must atone.

Not surprisingly, the future of FHA mortgage policies is the largest source of external criticism of HUD and the focus of its greatest inner discord. When HUD was formed from the con-

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stituent agencies of the old Housing and Home Finance Agency, bureaus for public housing, urban renewal, and mass transit all lost their separate identities. But construction lobbies—notably the National Association of Homebuilders, a group of forty-seven thousand developers and contractors—in alliance with friends in Congress forced a continuance of the FHA as a separate if not wholly autonomous agency within HUD. The amendment stipulating an assistant secretaryship for private mortgage financing was filed by Senator Abraham Ribicoff (D., Connecticut), who later became a severe critic of HUD's failings in central cities.

The New Team

Few domestic governmental endeavors enjoy a wider range of academic detractors, admirers, and kibitzers today than does housing and urban development. When President Johnson made his first HUD appointments early in 1966, he selected them from the academic community. Secretary Robert C. Weaver, the first Negro cabinet member, holds four degrees from Harvard and has taught at Columbia, Northwestern, and New York University. As Weaver's Under Secretary, the President chose Robert C. Wood, then chairman of the political science department at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Wood's first book, *Suburbia* (1958), helped popularize the word and contributed to its understanding. The first Assistant Secretary appointed by the President was Charles M. Haar, then a professor at Harvard Law School, whose books on land use marked him as an authority in the field. A former chairman of a Presidential task force on natural beauty, Haar was appointed Assistant Secretary for Metropolitan Development, in charge of suburban programs.

They were later joined by four more Assistant Secretaries. Philip N. Brownstein, Assistant Secretary for Mortgage Credit, had been head of the FHA since his appointment by President Kennedy in 1961. H. Ralph Taylor, a former urban-renewal official and private developer, was named Assistant Secretary in charge of the Model Cities program and intergovernmental relations. A former mayor of Tucson, Arizona, Don Hummel, was given direction over public-housing and urban-renewal programs. The fifth Assistant Secretary, in charge of administration, is Dwight Ink, who performed a similar administrative task for the Atomic Energy Commission. Ink's job is to bring order to a new department whose 3,924 Washington employees are now scattered throughout twenty-three separate buildings in the capital. Next spring, HUD will move into new headquarters in Washington's southwest section, the former site of squalid slums in the shadow of the Capitol. The handsome building, designed by Marcel Breuer, will provide HUD with visual inspiration and more bureaucratic unity, but HUD's major leadership problems—clarifying its relations with the White House and Congress—remain to be solved.

The modern metropolis—a massive mix of city, suburb, and highway—has been a physical reality in America for at least two decades. The Federal government did not deal with it as a fact of political life until 1965, when Congress passed a law to encourage metropolitan planning by threatening to withhold Federal funds from projects not treated as part of a broad plan.

This law was first enforced last year when Charles M. Haar, assistant HUD Secretary for Metropolitan Development, suspended more than $8 million in applications for open-space and water and sewer grants for the State of Maryland and two of its counties in the suburbs adjacent to Washington. Haar took the action because a lame-duck county council had rezoned large tracts of land from public to private uses, affecting the environment of the Washington metropolitan area. A political uproar followed, with angry demands from Marylanders to restore the money. Haar did so, but only after the lame-duck changes were revoked and the original metropolitan plan for suburban Washington was restored.

Weaver's long experience in the Federal bureaucracy, dating back to the Interior Department of the 1930's, has given him the reputation in Washington of an inordinately cautious man. The charge is not wholly justified, since Weaver has displayed a capacity to change his mind and admit past mistakes. His ardent advocacy of Model Cities and rent supplements acknowledges the imperfections in housing and renewal programs that he had administered as head of the Housing and Home Finance Agency since 1961. He also changed his attitude toward technological research, a field into which HUD plans to move with money and enthusiasm. Early in 1966, quizzed by Representative Henry S. Reuss (D., Wisconsin) about applying the research techniques of aerospace industries to urban transport, Weaver seemed reluctant, saying, "I feel that there has been a great deal of overemphasis on what I call the hardware approach, on the notion that you are going to get some technological breakthrough, and get people riding on air and have them riding in a new type of thing." Weaver then stressed "the economics of it, the consumer habit part of it." But this year, he called the entire technological approach to urban problems "a major area of neglect." He asked for $20 million in basic research, and Congress appropriated $10 million. Weaver has also capitulated to Reuss's original request for basic research in mass transit. HUD contracts for "the hardware approach" may help President Johnson decide whether HUD or the newest cabinet agency, the Department of Transportation, will eventually be given jurisdiction over the roads and rails leading into American cities.

In many cases, however, Weaver has said "No" to new programs. In the face of budgetary pressures, he says it eloquently, gracefully, but often. At a meeting of housing and redevelopment officials last April, he noted: "This year there are more vitamins than calories in the serving bowls. And frankly, I don't believe that it is a bad idea at all." Under Secretary Wood has elaborated on the perspective brought by insufficient funds: "Our principal challenge is not money but competence. . . . People are only too painfully aware that complex problems, such

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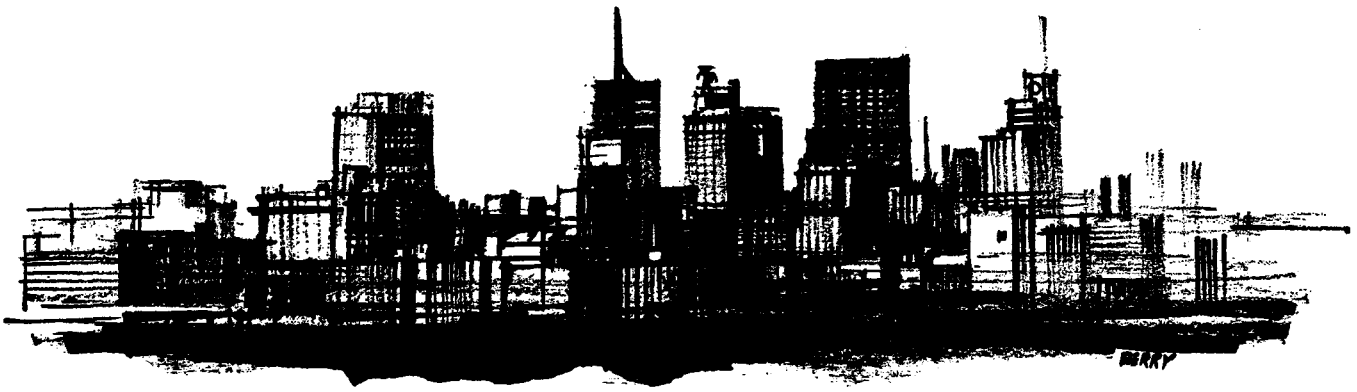

as poverty, do not yield solely to an inundation by money."

Myths of Metropolis

Congress cut this year's appropriation requests from HUD of $1.9 billion by $500 million, mostly in the new programs of Model Cities, rent supplements, and housing for the elderly. The politics of HUD's budget leads in two directions, showing a lack of cohesion in developing urban policy on the part of the administration. On the one hand, President Johnson excoriates Congress for the "bitter blow" it has delivered to the nation's cities. Vice President Humphrey, meanwhile, in an interview with Robert B. Semple, Jr., of the New York *Times*, talks of a different view and of far more money: "We have requested $10.3 billion for use in urban development and general improvement of urban living conditions." Humphrey's $10.3-billion figure is not Vice Presidential hyperbole but comes from the Bureau of the Budget's special analysis of what it calls "aids to urban areas." These programs include $235 million for agricultural aid—just what every mayor is clamoring for; $2.2 billion for highways and $33 million for airports, both of which have brought increased problems to cities; $61 million in water and sewer grants, nearly all of which go to newer suburban areas; and—in the broadest possible definition of Humphrey's "general improvement of urban living conditions"—$26 million for civil defense and the National Guard.

This exercise in self-deception by the Budget Bureau was based on a Census Bureau interpretation of "urban" as cities plus metropolitan areas surrounding cities. Perhaps the Budget Bureau people are those whom Mayor Hugh Addonizio of Newark had in mind last summer when he said: "Among the cruelest of myths are those which say that America is an urban nation; that middle class America has an interest in saving cities. . . . In fact, we are a suburban nation and will be more so in the future. Only fools and professional urbanists who play with words consider the suburban rings around a city to be urban. . . ."

The Budget Bureau and the Census Bureau have indeed played with words. Politicians have naturally grasped onto the rather loose definition of the word "urban" to proclaim that seventy per cent of America is urban. The assertion is a classic case of the sum surpassing the total of its parts. Even if people in Scarsdale, Kenilworth, Grosse Pointe, Beverly Hills, or Chevy Chase believe that their destinies are urban, they do not seem alarmed about the fact.

More important than definitions, however injurious they may be, is the actual performance of Federal housing policies. The imbalance against poor people and in favor of middle-income homeowners is so staggering that it makes all the inquiries into the pathology of slums seem redundant. The Federal government, since it began its public housing program in 1937, has built some 700,000 public-housing units. The FHA, in its recent multifamily efforts, has helped another 235,000 families in both low-income and middle-income projects. This figure of less than a million contrasts with the FHA record since 1935 of aiding nine million mostly suburban families to buy homes and allowing some twenty-eight million to secure low-cost loans for home improvements.

The FHA's New Deal mission of banishing the specter of frequent mortgage foreclosures has been accomplished. The agency has in the process stripped American cities of much of their middle-class and middle-aged consituency, leaving cities as havens for the very rich and the very poor, the very young and the very old. If this were not enough, the FHA has been an active hindrance to the economic viability of city neighborhoods. It even adopted the common banking practice of "redlining" certain areas of a city where it would not insure mortgages.

How important is FHA within HUD? Accepting Under Secretary Wood's thesis that manpower and talent are as important as dollars, the FHA role is enormous. Of HUD's 14,395 employees, FHA numbers 8,395. Of this number, 3,225 are in "the field," i.e., at seventy-six regional insuring offices and so enjoy some immunity from policy pressures in Washington. An indication of this immunity may be seen in FHA Commissioner Brownstein's two-year effort to stir the social conscience of his staff.

In November, 1965, Brownstein

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wrote to his regional directors, gently suggesting they keep an eye on older neighborhoods and "be alert to situations in which values can be stabilized and property upgraded by an infusion of capital." A year passed in which HUD was born, and next time Brownstein's language was a little stronger: "The economic soundness provision . . . is modified to eliminate it as a prerequisite . . . if the dwelling covered by the mortgage is situated in an area in which rioting or other civil disorders have occurred or are threatened. . . . This relaxation of eligibility criteria may be applied . . . giving due consideration to the need for providing adequate housing for families of low and moderate income." Another year passed, and Brownstein had yet to administer the coup de grace to "redlining." His 1967 memo repeats some of the earlier hints, but begins in crisper prose: "The purpose of this letter is to call to your attention the fact that FHA will not designate entire communities or areas as ineligible for participation in its mortgage insurance operations."

So far this year, FHA has handled some 73,000 applications for housing. Of these, more than 62,000 were of the single-family, picket-fence variety that has characterized FHA efforts since 1935. Five thousand middle-income housing-unit applications also were considered. The other five thousand housing units were for a variety of social purposes, including low-income housing, nursing-home construction, military housing, and homes for the elderly. FHA's record was the subject of a sharp Senate debate in August during which Edward W. Brooke (R., Massachusetts) called for removing the responsibility for low-income projects from FHA and creating a new HUD agency for the task. Brooke was somewhat sympathetic toward FHA in saying, "An agency which devotes four-fifths of its energy and attention to the appraisal of individual loans is not oriented toward meeting the special requirements of low-income housing."

In fairness to FHA, it has more often been denounced for taking too many risks rather than too few. As recently as June 28, the Senate Permanent Investigations subcommittee told FHA to stop taking "excessive risks" in multifamily projects. "The result," according to Senator Walter F. Mondale (D., Minnesota), "is that FHA officials are 'damned if they do and damned if they don't.' "

The most encouraging fact about FHA is that many of its insuring officers are nearing retirement age. Most had come to the government during the depression and faithfully followed government policy. The policy must change. As Brownstein told his regional directors in a speech on October 23, "We have got to recognize that stimulating a flow of mortgage funds into the inner city, yes even into the slums, for the transfer of houses, for rehabilitation, and for new construction, is an FHA mission of the highest priority. . . . You should work at this task as though your job depended on it—because it may!"

As in any domestic program, Congressional politics is a controlling factor in doling out money for planning Model Cities. Of the sixty-three cities chosen, nine were communities of fewer than forty thousand people. The thirty-two thousand residents of Texarkana, Texas, for instance, will benefit from Model Cities money, as will the 2,300 citizens of Smithville, Tennessee.

Texarkana is represented by Wright Patman, the Democrat who is chairman of the House Banking and Currency Committee, the body that approves all HUD programs. Smithville's Representative is Joe L. Evins, chairman of the Appropriations subcommittee that supervises every nickel in HUD's budget. At the same time, however, HUD approved three planning grants for New York City, which has three of the worst slums in the country and a Republican mayor who is also an articulate critic of HUD programs.

Although Brownstein's oratorical efforts are vigorous, they are not firmly supported by Weaver. In a November 15 speech before the National Association of Real Estate Boards, the Secretary praised the FHA's suburban accomplishments. Citing progress under President Johnson, Weaver said that during the past three years, "There are 1.6 million more American families who have become homeowners because there is a Federal Housing Administration. . . . Today FHA's energies are undiminished in helping middle-income Americans with housing finance." The frequency with which Weaver cites the impressive FHA statistics can be explained only partly by the political pressures he faces. Unlike Brownstein, he seems to rate this type of insurance at the top of FHA's accomplishments. Given the critical need for low-income housing, a boast by the HUD secretary about suburban achievements could only be matched by the Postmaster General bragging about junk mail.

Who'll Do the Job?

A recent HUD study forecasts a need, greatest among the urban poor who cannot benefit from the suburban policies of the FHA, for 22.5 million units of new housing and 3.5 million units of rehabilitated housing in the next decade. How will they be financed and built, and who will own them? HUD and its critics have opposite attitudes toward the problem. In the Senate, the two most-publicized plans are those offered by Charles H. Percy (R., Illinois) and Robert F. Kennedy (D., New York). Both would achieve their goals through changing the financing of home construction and rehabilitation. HUD is committed to reforming the entire housing market. Of the two, HUD's is the more ambitious approach, since of all man's necessities, housing has seen the fewest production changes in recent centuries. Unlike food and clothing, which have benefited from the wonders of instant freezing and synthetic fabrics, shelter in America today differs little in its construction from the homes of colonial New England or the Pueblo apartments of the Southwest.

Percy's plan would provide cheaper financing for would-be homeowners of low income. Kennedy's plan is concerned with the more immediate needs of new and rehabilitated rental housing in slums. He would offer a generous tax break to developers willing to risk large outlays of building capital in slums. One of the strongest breeders of slumlords is the

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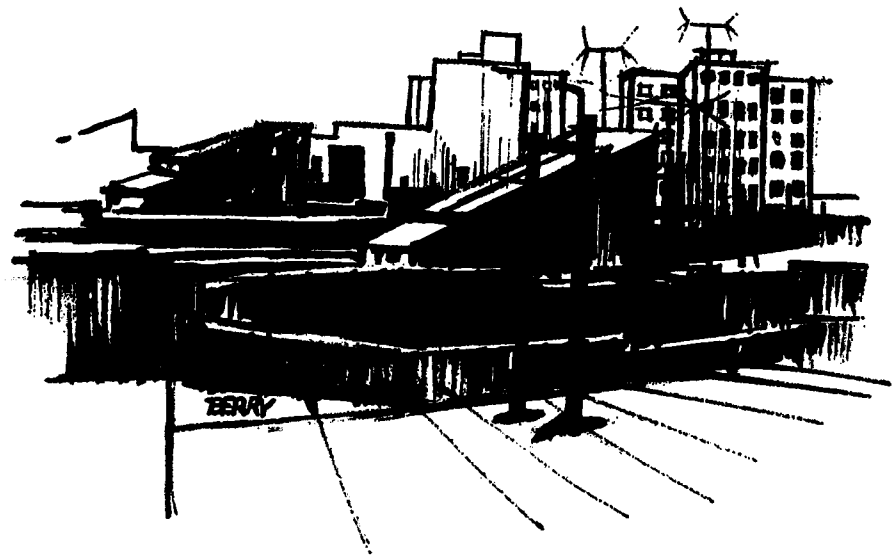

depreciation allowance of the capital-gains tax, which serves to discourage improving rental property. The question of the efficacy of the Kennedy and Percy plans is academic, however, because of the intrusion of politics. Besides a philosophical objection within HUD against the plans, the fact that both sponsors are regarded in the White House as Presidential aspirants postpones any serious consideration of the proposals until after 1968.

Brooke's plan to make a separate agency within HUD for low- and middle-income housing also faces political realities. The FHA's strong constituency within Congress will not allow the agency to be downgraded. Brownstein's determination to change its attitudes may give FHA time to prove whether it can replace its banker's conscience.

GIVING FHA a new mission, however, needs a vast push from the top to transform the notion that the government's main role in housing should be its contribution to the gross national product. President Kennedy's message on housing in 1961 is an example of this attitude. After mentioning "decent homes" and "safe cities," Kennedy's third objective for his housing policy was to "encourage a prosperous and efficient construction industry as an essential component of general economic prosperity and growth." Congress is even further behind in treating housing and urban affairs as anything more than an appendage to economics. Although separate committees consider the needs of agriculture, outer space, the post office, and un-American activities, the problem of housing and urban affairs is still ensconced within a subcommittee to committees on Banking and Currency.

If Congress really believed there is an urban crisis, it would have responded as it did in the last national "crisis," the uproar following Sputnik in 1957. Congress established the National Aeronautics and Space Administration and created House and Senate committees to deal with it. NASA's budget has risen to $5 billion and has spawned a growing aerospace market. With a considerably smaller budget, HUD is also trying to transform a housing *need* into a housing *market*. HUD is using the techniques of "systems analysis" applied to aerospace and weapons development. It hopes to use technology as a tool for developing a new market, just as private industry has created a new market for color television sets and fiberglass boats. But unlike industry and space, housing is always a local problem, with mundane factors of building and zoning codes, labor-union practices, and political opposition constantly entering as variables into any use of systems analysis. Ordnance and the atmosphere—like color TV and boats—are clear fields compared to the tangled thicket of the building industry and its labor and political underbrush. A HUD-sponsored conference of leading physical scientists and housing officials last summer concluded, "Man's fear of change is a basic reason for the high cost of urban housing."

The Scientific Approach

This fear of change is political, too, and offers all public officials an equally serious challenge. Mayor John V. Lindsay of New York relates how his efforts to initiate new forms of vest-pocket, scattered-site public housing have been stymied by his Democratic city council: ". . . whether it has been a series of housing proposals for Queens or for the Bronx, or whatever it happened to have been, there has always been a political battle against it. Two thousand citizens of New York stormed the steps of City Hall in opposition to scatter-site public housing because they are afraid of low-income people coming into the neighborhood. And who are they supported by? By political leaderships."

Even if systems analysis is a success, it cannot really help unless it programs politics into the urban computer. HUD's Director of Urban Technology is a physicist, Thomas F. Rogers, who was at MIT before spending three years at the Pentagon. At the Department of Defense, he was partially responsible for a $7-billion annual budget for research and development. At HUD, he has just $10 million. Since coming to HUD in May, Rogers has made plans to parcel out grants to companies and universities to find an urban weapons system. "Scientists come and ask me, 'Do we really have to work with mayors and city councils and Methodist ministers and saloonkeepers?' I tell them they do. A lot of them come and say, 'All right, we're ready to help. Tell us what your problems are.' I tell them to go out and find out for themselves what the problems are. Look at their local fire department or police department or street-sweepers. Are they doing as efficient a job as they could? That's where new ideas, in useful scientific and engineering terms, can really help cities. We want to give Congress, or this department, or mayors confident options where technology can help them."

Rogers's approach to his fellow scientists is reminiscent of the "two cultures" theory espoused by C. P.

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Snow almost a decade ago. Snow defined the cutural gap as the distance between MIT and Greenwich Village. The gap may first be bridged at the city halls of Cambridge or Boston, whose inner workings are unfamiliar to most scientists on the MIT faculty. Rogers, as a physicist, is unburdened with any prejudices or fixed opinions on urban affairs, which makes him unique in HUD. He receives his orders from Weaver and from Under Secretary Wood, who, as an old MIT man himself, knows the limits of technology. "There are as many different meanings of 'systems analysis,'" he says, "as there are shades of blonde in a chorus line."

Cities as Laboratories

The first concrete act of HUD's new technology office was to participate with the Defense Department in an experiment on low-cost military housing. Contracts were awarded to several companies new to the low-cost housing field, including General Electric, Kaiser Industries, and Aerojet-General. The housing of military families at Fort Dix, New Jersey, differs little from those of the nearby Philadelphia suburbs. If a way can be found to build military homes more cheaply, the benefits can be applied throughout cities and suburbs. (This would not mark the first time that broad social goals have been accomplished most swiftly in the military. Racial integration is a greater reality in the Army than in any other American community.)

The HUD-Defense collaboration will be a controlled experiment, free of the political pressures hampering Mayor Lindsay's efforts. But the local shackles of building and zoning codes and labor practices will continue until local action is taken. To aid localities, HUD is relying upon the findings of two Presidential commissions. One, headed by former Senator Paul H. Douglas, is completing an examination of zoning, codes, and taxation. The other, headed by industrialist Edgar F. Kaiser, is seeking new low-cost building techniques, not as scientific abstractions but in practical application to the existing local conditions being studied by the Douglas commission. The two reports may provide a partial answer to help break the cycle defined as the nexus of urban problems by yet another commission, that on civil disorder, headed by Governor Otto Kerner of Illinois. The Kerner Commission plans to place primary emphasis on new jobs in its recommendation to the President, but the commission regards new jobs as just one turn in the cycle of poor job opportunities, poor schools, and poor housing.

These are the three classic burdens facing every American city. It is not surprising, therefore, that jobs, schools, and housing were the greatest needs outlined in the 193 applications for Model Cities funds. The new aspect of these three problems, however, is that the mayors regarded the three as one and felt that action taken toward one area would be almost useless unless all three were treated simultaneously in one program. This is what the Model Cities program has set out to do, to allow cities money to cut Federal red tape running from special-interest bureaucracies in Washington to special-interest bureaucracies at city halls.

The sixty-three cities chosen to receive the first planning grants will be experimental cities, given no-strings-attached "block grants" to do pretty much what they want to do. HUD has not emphasized the experimentation or the freedom in its Model Cities program, since neither of these concepts is admired in the House and Senate Appropriations Committees. Although the Federal contribution to the Model Cities program is almost total, including eighty per cent of the normal local contribution, Model Cities is not a Federal experiment but a local one. Its most healthy result may not come visibly in flashy new housing programs or instant education, but quietly in a realization that most city governments are nineteenth-century relics, structured for a day when schools, planning, parks, streets, and zoning were all separate, hardly connected endeavors. Model Cities may bring an end to the patronage-drenched system of commissioners and their departments. This system may be replaced within the metropolitan framework by the type of local neighborhood government recommended for school districts in New York City.

THE Federal government, which did so much to influence urban development during this century, is now beginning to atone for its ill-treatment of cities. It is not an especially generous beginning, due largely to both the caution and parsimony of Congress. Money is by no means the largest problem, a fact attested by a glance at recent urban development in America: today's urban environment is both shoddy and expensive.

HUD is trying to prove that housing, a basic human need, can be met and even adorned in the brave new world of science. There is little evidence yet that scientific programs of government can succeed in profoundly human areas. But for HUD it seems the only path, with its burden very heavy and the hill very steep.

With President Johnson's December 6 announcement that he would form an Institute of Urban Development, "systems analysis" formally became the tabernacle of hopes for solutions to urban problems. The Institute's research facilities will be patterned after those of the RAND Corporation, formed by the Air Force to help develop new weapons with the use of systems analysis.

Systems analysis is an attempt to measure the benefits of government programs and balance them against already quantified costs. In its total approach to problems, systems analysis tries to make sure that the left hand knows what the right hand is doing. Thus, in developing a new airplane, the calculations take into account other planes and missiles, the capacity of existing airfields, and fuel supplies. *Science* magazine warns that it is "no panacea" for domestic problems. It is a tool, like a computer or a typewriter; all depends on what goes into it. To the extent that it forces bureaucrats to justify programs in cold numbers, it is a useful tool. To the extent that it has been praised as this century's "greatest advance in the art of government," it is a fraud.

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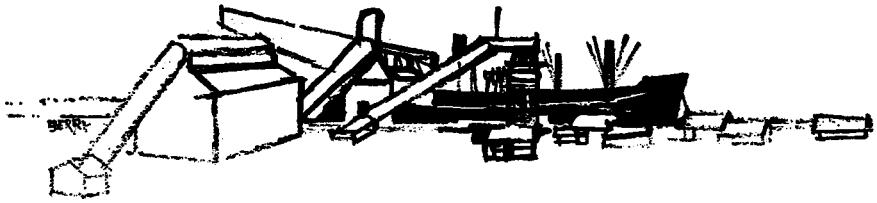

The Creative Vision Of Europort

NOEL MOSTERT

ROTTERDAM

THE NEW EUROPE, the commercial colossus that is slowly assuming form despite the bitter wrangles inside the community headquarters in Brussels, has found its quintessential symbol in Europort, the vast shipping and industrial complex that the Dutch have built here where the Rhine flows into the North Sea.

They decided eight years ago to build the biggest port in the world, and they have. Specifically, the decision was taken by the Rotterdam municipality, which put up the initial budget of $250 million for reclamation, drainage, and the construction of wharves and basins throughout the twenty-seven-mile-long course of marshland and tidal flats that stretched beside the river between the old Rotterdam port and the North Sea. The Dutch government backed the municipality by revamping the road and rail communications that link the port with the continental hinterland.

A Hauling Success

Rotterdam's decision to make itself a port all the way from the city to the North Sea was in line with the city fathers' recognition that existing facilities were not sufficient to meet the competition of its European rivals. The concept that finally emerged, however, was so ambitious that the national government, though sympathetic and approving in principle, was slow to commit itself. Rotterdam eventually went ahead on its own, a policy of independence it has continued. When an expensive new tunnel under the river became an urgent necessity recently and The Hague once more was hesitant about helping, Rotterdam did the job.

Europort's success has been spectacular. It must be by far the single biggest European industrial enterprise since the war. Nothing else can equal it in size and potential. Rotterdam's traffic has risen from 70.6 million tons in 1959 to 130.4 million tons. (New York, which for years stood unassailably first among the world's ports, handles just over a hundred million tons. London, with fifty-nine million tons, is behind Marseilles and Antwerp.) It is the greatest transit port ever known, Europe's principal oil, grain, and ore terminal. Upon the thousands of acres reclaimed from the sea, brilliantly planned sites are drawing the heaviest new concentration of industry anywhere today. It is the renting of these, and of the basins and wharves and facilities built in their midst, which provides the principal revenues of the port and which has allowed Rotterdam to mark another $250 million for expansion during the next five years.

All this has been achieved by what is, in effect, a department of the Rotterdam municipality. Europort's managing director, Frans Posthuma, is a municipal employee, reporting to the burgomaster and the city councilors, who give him virtually a free hand. If Europort carries the mark of any one man, then it is Posthuma's. He and his small team of economists and harbor experts have been responsible for Europort's fortunes since the project opened officially in the spring of 1961.

Oil forms the base of Europort's prosperity. Without it, Europort would be swiftly reduced in rank. The fact that the oil has flowed here in such quantity was the result of superb timing. When the question of revitalizing the port of Rotterdam was under discussion in the early 1950's, Europe's expanding energy needs made it seem an obvious course to concentrate heavily on bulk cargo, and particularly oil. The 1956 Suez crisis confirmed the wisdom of the decision.

The major oil companies themselves were embarked upon new policies to lessen their dependence on the canal. By the time the first plans for Europort were approved by the Rotterdam municipality on November 28, 1957, the size of oil tankers on order had begun to expand. The ships needed a discharge point which would enable them to turn around quickly, which would be close to the main market areas for their cargoes, and which would have room for development of oil's diverse industrial alliances in petrochemicals. Europort met all these qualifications. Shell laid plans for the biggest refinery in Europe at the port, and the other oil companies followed. The chemical combines—ICI, Dow, Du Pont—rented Europort sites and laid down millions of dollars' worth of plant. Shell's investment alone is estimated at $280 million. Pipelines extended to other European points, and one is now even planned to Europort's closest and nearest competitor, Antwerp.

IN A WAY, Europort must be considered one of the major results of the Common Market so far. One of the factors accounting for its success is the minimum formality required between the six partners, allowing them to use the port freely, almost with a sense of domestic access. Rotterdam has always been the obvious port for quick overland connection to the Ruhr and the whole European industrial heartland. Its Common Market character is reflected by the fact that over fifty per cent of its business is transit. The role is propitious, since the Dutch are certainly the most thoroughgoing Europeans of all. It was inevitable that their solutions for themselves would be European in the very broadest sense.

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The war had left the Dutch prostrate. Their sufferings, from devastation and through sheer physical hardship, were greater than those of any of the other Western European allies. Their overseas empire, which had earned them fat returns, was going or gone. Something extraordinary was required, not only to reform the country's economy, which had had no industrial base to speak of before the war, but simply to create room for all its people.

The Netherlands is the most densely populated country in the world. Nearly twelve and a half million Dutch occupy thirteen thousand square miles, and it is estimated that their numbers will increase to twenty million by the year 2000. The empire once helped absorb excess population, but the migration was reversed at the end of the war when the expatriate Dutch and thousands of Eurasians and Indonesians chose Europe rather than life under Sukarno.

To help compensate for the loss of the empire, the Dutch knew it was paramount that they win as many as possible of the economic prizes offered by the advent of the Common Market. As they have done for centuries, the Dutch, most of whom live either at sea level or below it, decided to get the land they needed from the water—that is, to replace the empire they had lost with another taken from the North Sea.

Europort thus very soon became the symbolic scheme linking these ideas on Holland's role in Europe with the need for reclamation. As one Rotterdammer said, "Europort is now a national state of mind." It has become the cornerstone of a much wider, infinitely ambitious plan that eventually will extend the Europort pattern of development right to the Belgian frontier. Europort, in fact, has simply become the bridging name in the title of the over-all project known as the Rotterdam-Europort-Delta Scheme. In simple terms the plan is to take Northwest Europe's biggest estuary area, the seventy-five-kilometer-wide basin of lakes, deltas, marshland, islands, mud flats, and farmland into which the Rhine, Maas, and Scheldt flow and which extends from the Hook of Holland to the mouth of the Scheldt at Vlissingen, and create from it one vast harbor-industrial province. It is assumed, though through international delicacy not explicitly stated, that in time and with the achievement of the Europe of which Europort is the forerunner, Antwerp itself will become merely the southern limit of this operation. When that day comes, some new sort of supra-Europort authority will be necessary. But meanwhile Europort is already establishing the new forms of co-ordination and co-operation that will obviously provide the key to Delta's success.

What It Takes

The immediate phases of this giant complex, when completed in 1980, will have extended the country's size by nearly a seventh. The price for development and reclamation on such a scale, so far borne entirely by the Dutch, is the most crushing taxation in the Western Hemisphere. Yet the Dutch have shown themselves more than willing to pay. On every level there has been remarkable co-operation between the various groups involved, right down to the key man in the enterprise, the docker. Rotterdam has had no organized strike or significant labor unrest since the war.

The lesson has not been lost on the British, whose own repeated port-paralyzing strikes have been a major factor in bringing the country close to economic collapse and who now see much of their traditional business going to Europort. Even some commodities passing from the Commonwealth to Britain are shipped through Europort.

As one Europort official said, drawing the obvious comparison with Britain, the attitude of the dockers here is different. A sociologist advises on their attitudes and requirements. They draw a good minimum wage whether they work or not. They also draw minimum equipment—overalls, shoes, safety spectacles—free. They have excellent canteen and clean-up facilities. But the biggest difference of all is that the Dutch have given stevedoring a certain status.

Europort has established a unique system of training. There are two dockers' schools—each with a full-size replica of a merchant ship's decks, holds, sides, and cargo-handling gear. Boys (close to a thousand are currently in training) go in at the age of twelve and serve an apprenticeship while continuing their regular schooling. They graduate with a professional knowledge of their country's commerce, its importance and its handling, not to speak of some pride and sense of responsibility for their role in it.

A few years ago eighty per cent of Europort's labor was untrained, but within five years eighty per cent of it will have received expert training. The schools are probably the most astute investment in the entire project, and must certainly have been a major psychological factor in maintaining peace on the Rotterdam waterfront.

There is an efficiency here that has drawn impressive results. An American factory producing carbon

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black in Italy found it cheaper to export to Israel through Europort than through its nearest Italian port. A Los Angeles factory that had shipped a bulk cargo to European ports in sacks decided to ship it unsacked to Rotterdam and then distribute from here. Shipment charges dropped from eight dollars to one dollar a ton. "Here the goods don't wait and there's no damage in the sheds," Managing Director Posthuma told me in an interview at Rotterdam City Hall.

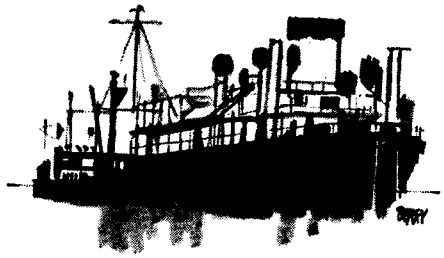
The reason that it is, for example, cheaper to send Australian ore to Britain via Rotterdam is that Europort can handle big bulk cargoes more speedily than most other points, and bulk means shipping charges saved on sending it in smaller packages in smaller, slower vessels. These facilities already have affected the size of ore ships, which have grown in proportion to the ability to handle them. Europort's ore terminal prompted German ore interests to lay down 100,000-tonners. As with tankers, the escalation, once started, just went on. Plans are now being made for 200,000-ton ore carriers.

Tankers in that category are already being constructed. "When we started Europort, 20,000-ton tankers were standard," Posthuma said. "We are now handling the 100,000-tonners, but we are preparing for the many 200,000-tonners now on order. Our original facilities clearly weren't going to be adequate, so we moved right out to sea. We surveyed the North Sea and found that *it* wasn't deep enough. So we have dredged a channel a long way out to allow for ships drawing sixty-two feet of water." (The *Queen Mary* draws thirty-nine feet.) By 1969, when forty to fifty of the 200,000-tonners are expected to be in service, Europort will have a special tanker harbor reaching far beyond the present limits of the shore.

POSTHUMA's grand design is to have shipping and industry as nearly complementary as possible. Oil illustrates the sort of natural industrial cycle he wants—crude oil into refinery, distillation of the lighter fuels, export of crude ("We should be able to provide for the heavier demand of an extra heavy winter in, say, Norway"), and, alongside this, the endless diversity of the by-products: fertilizers, nylons and multiple plastics, synthetic rubbers, etc.

Posthuma wants the primary industries at the water, so that the raw materials will feed straight into their furnaces or tanks. Backing these, and sustained by them, will be the manufacturing industries, so that the Rotterdam-Europort-Delta development will radiate inland on a logically interrelated basis—like ripples from the same industrial splash.

Posthuma is adamant about not giving choice deep-water sites to those who don't necessarily require them and could just as well be inland. He turned down a major European motor-vehicle firm when it asked for one of the choicer close-to-water Europort sites, but it accepted



his alternative suggestion and went back from the shore.

Du Pont wanted to come to Rotterdam, but it too accepted his recommendation that a site south of the city would be better for their purposes. Similarly, a large site has been allocated to Dow in the southern part of the Delta. But ICI, dependent on the refineries, is at the water.

Aside from such co-ordination, private enterprise is given a completely free hand in the port. Companies such as Shell rent their huge sites from the municipality of Rotterdam and then develop them as they choose, often providing their own harbor services. Major expansions of the port's activities are sometimes undertaken on the initiative of a private firm rather than of Europort itself. The huge new container terminal to be used by a consortium of major Atlantic shipowners was proposed by a group that includes as main partners the five stevedoring firms that handle all of Europort's cargo. Rotterdam speeded the reclamation for this venture and developed the site. The group then signed a long lease and itself built the terminal. The stevedoring training schools are another example of collective action: the municipality got them going but the stevedoring firms mainly subsidize them. Europort's revenues come from these rentals rather than from harbor taxes and operations, and the money is plowed back into the development of more sites and basins.

All this simply means that Posthuma's staff operates like a large industrial rental agency rather than like modern harbormasters. It is left to the lessees to acquire or hire sheds, cranes, tugs, floating docks, ferries, and so on from others. Posthuma has taken Europort out of all such activities, his function being to retain the unifying thread of all these. "We want to be light and unencumbered," Posthuma told me. "I keep my staff small so that we can work quickly and as a team. We haven't the time to leave our planning to study groups of twenty to thirty people who will investigate for years and then issue a report—whose material will be out of date anyway by the time they have finished, so that one would only have to start all over again. We have an economic research program and various crash study programs, but we ourselves have to anticipate developments."

In this respect Posthuma is very much concerned with the port's areas of vulnerability, particularly its heavy dependence on oil. Progress so far has been serene. With Europort's head start with facilities for supertankers and the simplicity of the mechanics of oil, this has not really been surprising. Difficulties could arise if the oil base were shaken, and much of Posthuma's current effort is dedicated to diversifying the port's activities.

Europort's heaviest competition could come in general cargo, a category that now accounts for only 19.8 million of the 130-million-ton total. Other ports are moving briskly ahead with container facilities. As with oil, whoever gets ahead in containers will probably stay ahead. Europort has countered with its own container terminal, but Posthuma's main interest now is building up bulk commodities, especially

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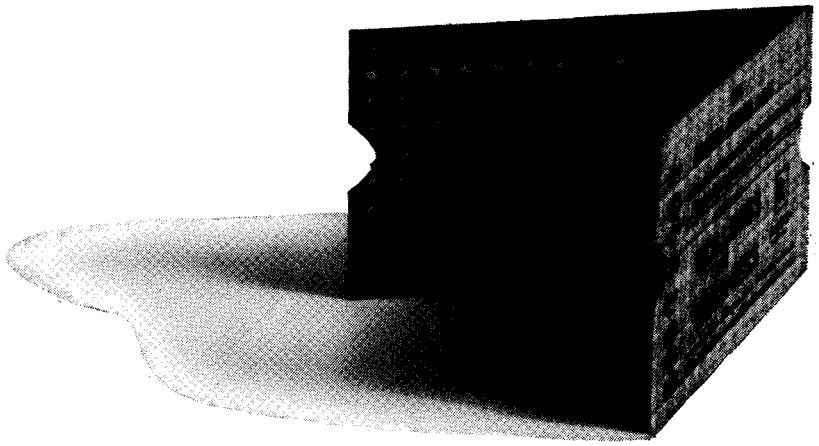

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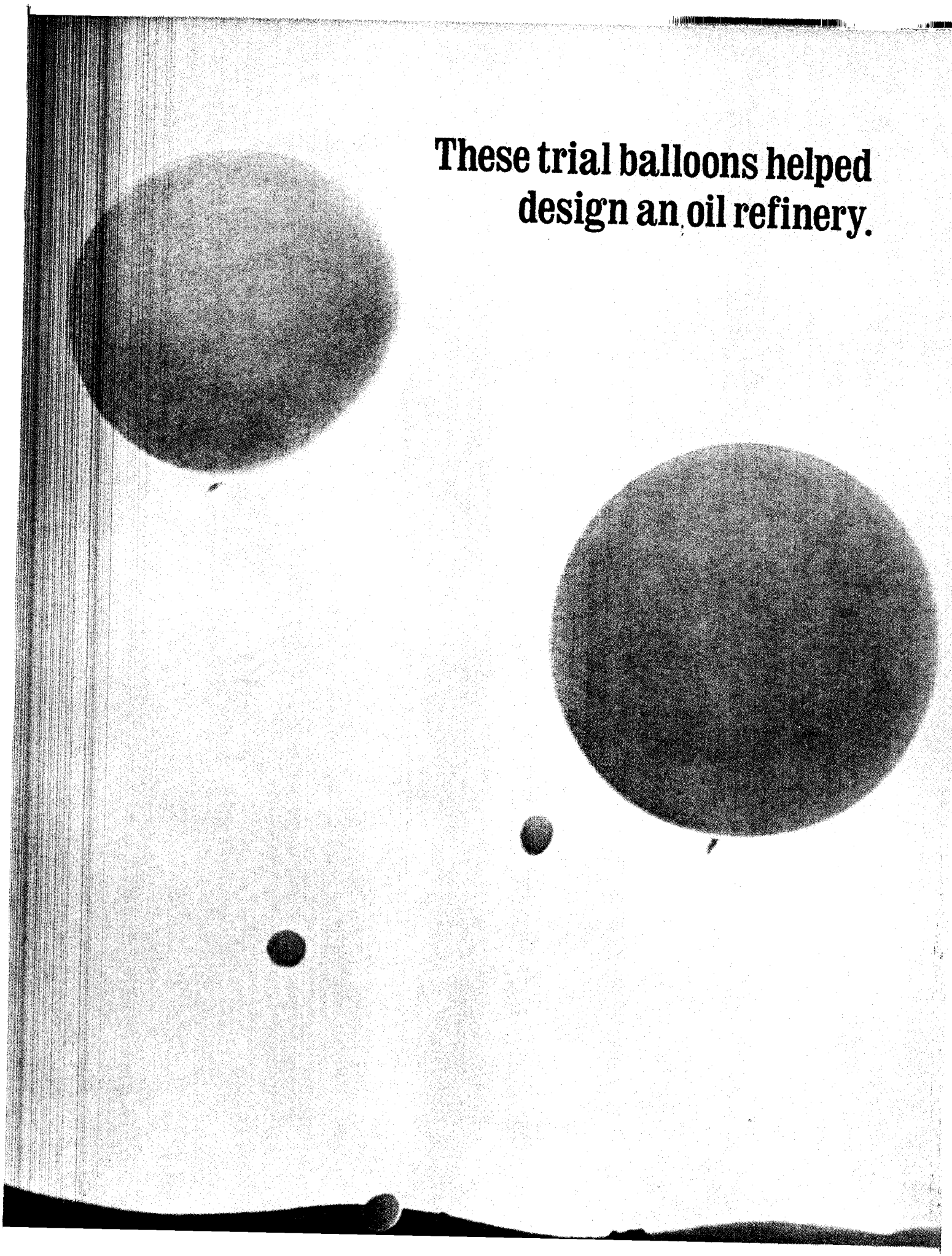

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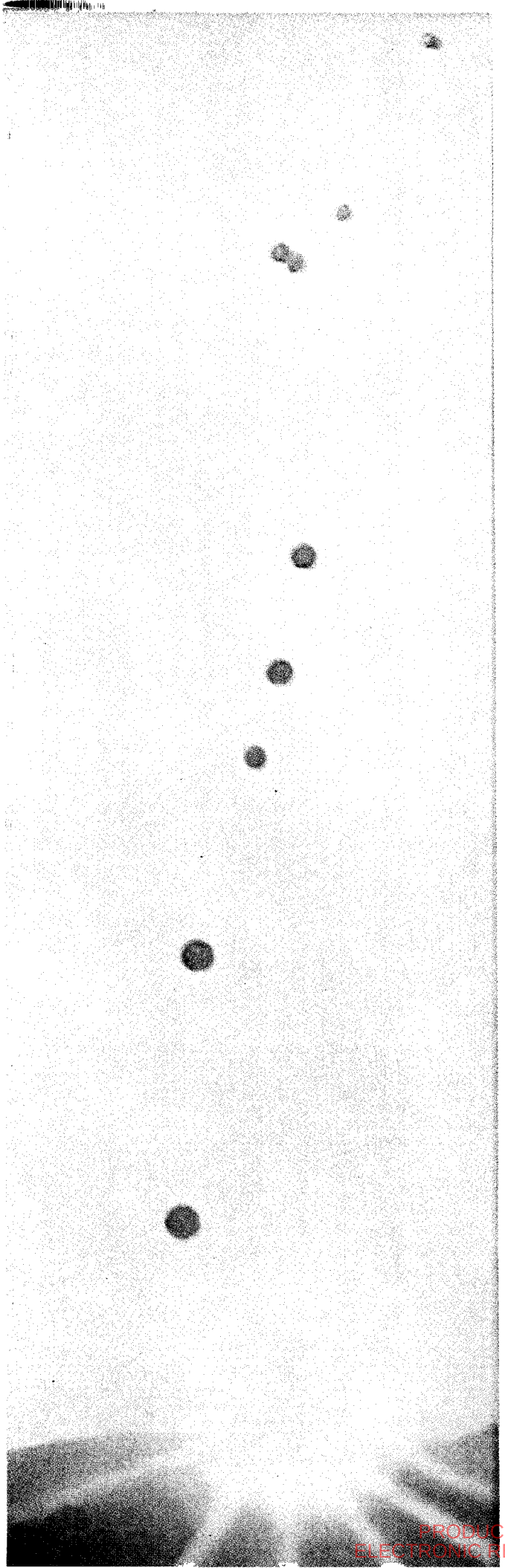

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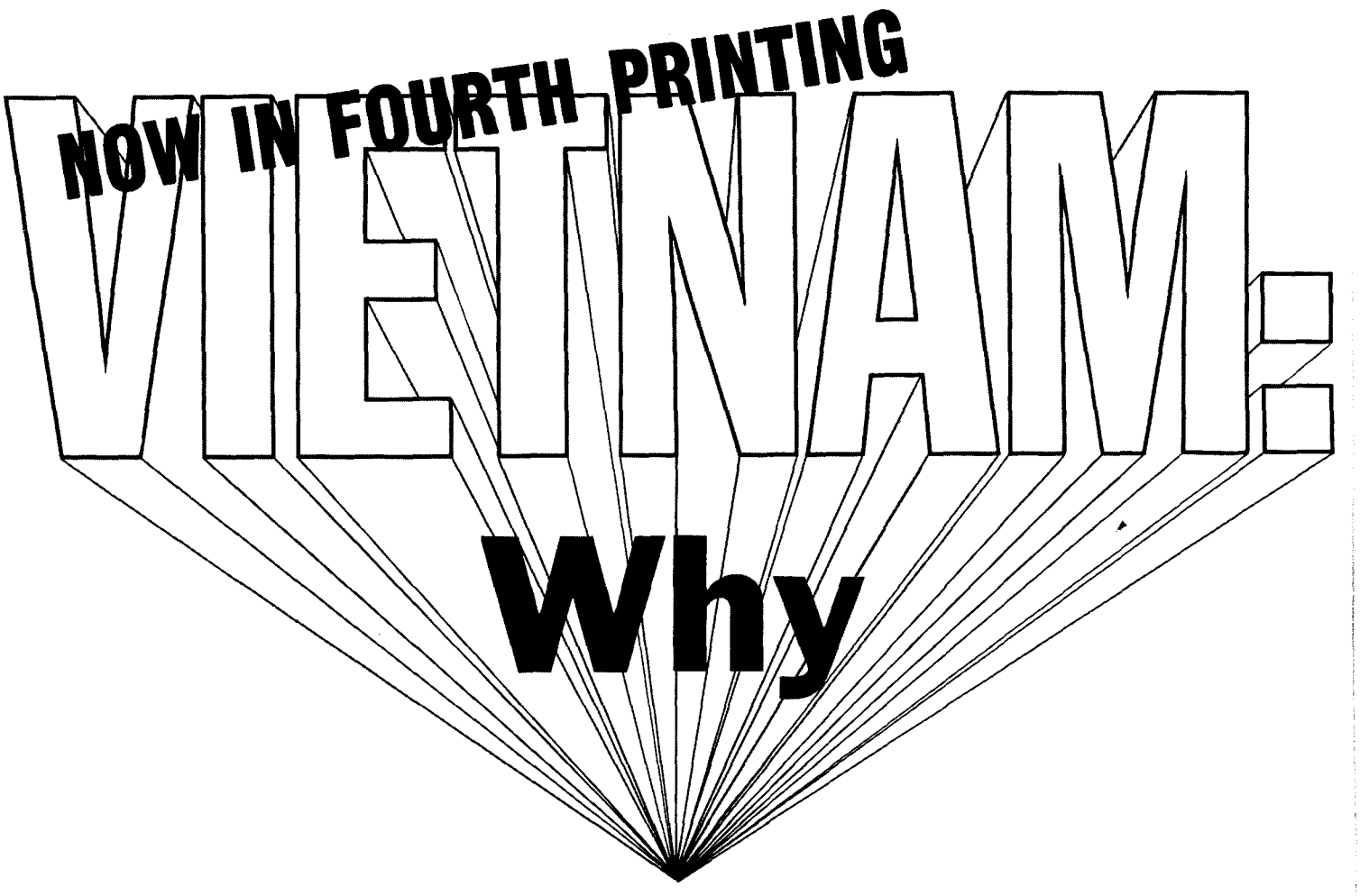

With the first three printings of *Vietnam: Why* sold out, and orders for the book still coming in at a fast rate, The Reporter has gone back on press to print a fourth edition.

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ore. His dream in this regard is to attract a steel plant to Europort. He already has aluminum and molybdenum. If he gets steel—and strong feelers are out now from German interests—then Europort's prosperity will be as soundly based as possible.

Posthuma sees the great carriers delivering an assortment of ores to a widely diversified metals layout, and the latter feeding an equally diversified manufacturing spread. It all adds up to a planner's dream of industry.

Goodbye to All That

Posthuma himself speaks like a man building a new world, as indeed he is. His finger draws a line across a huge map of the area to show the course of the great dikes that will close out the sea and alter the coastline. Here will be a harbor, there recreational areas and parks for the inflowing population. It is a utopian concept of the mutual accommodation of the needs of society and industry. This, one is sure, is what an overpopulated, environment-conscious, and consumer-trained society will require—the meticulous planning, the reclamation, the clinical erasure of the untidy past, the contrived social balance. It is all brilliant and persuasive, but rather frightening.

You travel out on wide new highways, through great tunnels, past bridges that reach across dry land but where water eventually will flow in controlled canals, and over yellow prairies of reclaimed land. Forests have been planted. A town that had a population of 3,500 in 1958 has swollen to almost 100,000. Here is a small church built by the Norwegians to serve sailors from the many Norwegian tankers. There are a heliport and a hotel for sailors. New landscaped factories are scattered on the reclaimed lands and among old farmhouses resignedly huddled on patches of remaining pastures awaiting their fate. A few years ago this was one of the most placidly pastoral and self-contained regions in Europe, its life indistinguishable from what it had been for centuries.

"This used to be a famous bird sanctuary," one of Posthuma's young assistants told me, gesturing toward emptiness. "During the war we used to walk out here, a whole gang of boys, and camp. It seemed very far then because there was no transport. At that house there, the farmer gave us fresh milk and it was so good I said, 'My God, this is nice,' and he threw us out for using the name of the Lord in vain; that was what they were like, but it's all gone."

Standing in that lovely lowlands light so familiar to us from the canvases of the Dutch and Flemish masters, I felt overcome by a sense of loss of a sort which, I suspect, henceforth is to be a distinctive experience of our times. Yet no one I spoke to seemed to mind. Europort-Delta is the future, and they have accepted it. "Every Dutchman knows to what extent he is dependent on it," my guide said. "It's our insurance premium—we are building for our grandchildren."

Europe's Obsession With U. S. Economic Power

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

CERTAIN IDEAS, as the noted French biologist Jacques Monod remarked in a recent lecture, seem to have an intrinsic virulence analogous to that of plant or animal parasites: they invade, and often end by destroying, other ideas or whole systems of thought. Current French political history offers a particularly striking example of such an ideological parasite in action—the increasingly obsessive belief, curiously shared at times by followers of President Charles de Gaulle and of Jean Monnet, that Europe's independence is actually or potentially menaced by what many of them like to call American *surpuissance,* or overpower. This fashionable neologism, like the more standard "*super-puissance,*" is usually translated into English simply as "superpower." But it has overtones of excess and abuse missing in "*super-puissance*" and wears a halo of pseudo objectivity, perhaps derived from its Left Bank origins, reminiscent of Madison Avenue word magic. You almost expect to see an accompanying cut of a grave-faced, white-smocked figure poised over a globe with his stethoscope aimed at the United States (the Soviet Union is a *super-puissance* but rarely thought of as a *surpuissance*), warning us that one out of five has it.

The frequency with which "*surpuissance*" gets into print or is heard on the air these days is in itself both a symptom of its growing hold on the Gaullist mind and a measure of the success that Gaullist propaganda has had in planting it in non-Gaullist minds. That, however, is only part of the story. A number of Frenchmen, including de Gaulle himself, avoid the term on purist grounds (de Gaulle usually prefers the more classic "*hégémonie*") but seem nonetheless bemused or possessed by the idea it expresses. The French Communists, unlike the *progressiste* intelligentsia, are reluctant to overstress the power of the United States, especially in party publica-

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tions, because that implicitly would minimize Soviet power; but they help the anti-American campaign along by playing up the sinister intentions of the American imperialists and monopolists.

Overpower Oversold

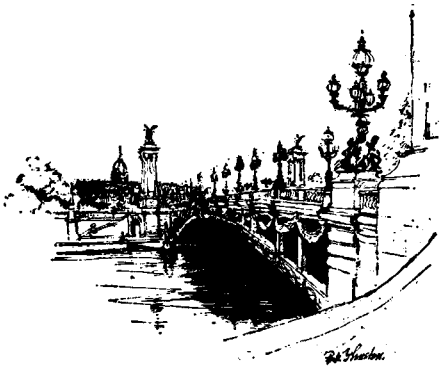
One of the most curious and disturbing things about this obsession with American overpower is the way it is spreading to Frenchmen, and even to other Europeans, who consider themselves adversaries of de Gaulle. "A Europe really independent of the United States? Who does not dream of it?" asks *Le Peuple*, the important Belgian Socialist daily, in an editorial criticizing de Gaulle's recent press conference. ". . . with American capital colonizing European, including French, industry, only a united Europe would have the dimensions necessary . . . to act as a counterweight to American overpower and its Asian war that threatens world peace. Yet General de Gaulle obstinately refuses Britain's contribution and the supranational organization of Europe."

The anti-Gaullism of European Socialists like those for whom *Le Peuple* speaks stems from a kind of European nationalism that seems every bit as anti-American as de Gaulle's old-fashioned French nationalism. Their real complaint against him is that he insists on trying to lead the European resistance to American imperialism instead of letting Harold Wilson head it.

The Gaullist thesis that the "excessiveness" of American power, particularly economic power, represents a kind of colonialist threat to Europe is likewise accepted by numerous right-wing supporters of the European movement, though not quite so uncritically as by the Socialists. One example is a recent article in *Le Figaro* by the conservative writer Thierry Maulnier, a member of the French Academy. He begins by conceding that much of the anti-Americanism in Europe and elsewhere is the result of a deliberate campaign by Communists and Communist sympathizers aimed at weakening the United States. He considers that America's "enormous presence" throughout the world is on the whole beneficent, though he says he understands the hostile reactions provoked by the spectacle of such "almost exorbitant wealth and power."

What chiefly worries Maulnier and many other Europeans is the widening technological gap between Europe and America, along with the accompanying implantation of American industrial giants in Europe. It is not exactly a deliberate economic colonization, he believes, but a process more like "the heavier weight tipping the lighter, the tree spreading its roots and shade at the expense of weaker trees." Recalling the ultimatum of the Athenians to the Melians cited by Thucydides, Maulnier remarks philosophically, "It is in the nature of all power to expand its area of influence as long as it does not encounter a countervailing power."

THERE IS no indication of conscious perfidy in Maulnier's analogy between U.S. economic expansion and the overbearing Athenian imperialism in its terminal phase. He is



merely paraphrasing in his more literary style one of the central themes of Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber's much-discussed and intensively promoted best-seller *The American Challenge*.

Whereas Maulnier recommends that Europe cease aping the American way of life and concentrate on developing its own cultural values, Servan-Schreiber wants to see Europe match the United States in affluence and power. He never argues that the United States should be weaker, merely that Europe should become stronger. His book expresses throughout a sincere admiration not merely for American technology but for the essentially moral qualities in American society that are largely responsible for its dazzling progress. Yet it would be hard to mention anyone, including de Gaulle himself, who has contributed more toward popularizing the Gaullist myth of American *surpuissance* (Servan-Schreiber falls at least once into the semantic trap of the actual word) as a menace to Europe's independence.

Unlike the Gaullists, it is true, Servan-Schreiber nowhere in his tract implies that the United States is consciously trying to colonize Europe. What confronts Europeans, he explains, is not "a classic political imperialism," but merely a kind of mechanical "spilling over" of American power. The distinction, while valid in many respects, is hardly calculated to reassure his readers.

The frequent use of military metaphors in chapter headings and in the text itself—"The [American] Landing in Europe," "The Computer Battle," "Guidelines for a Counteroffensive," etc.—inevitably give the author's basically reasonable points a sensational flavor, and some of his conclusions seem overdrawn or at least oversimplified. His equations of technological advantage with strategic power and of economic penetration with political control are at best glib. And he underplays the complexities of managerial responsibility in the European branches of what are often international rather than purely American industrial giants.

The mischievous aspects of the book stem largely from the author's desire to make the strongest possible case for Europe's political and economic unity—a worthy enough cause in itself—and from his very brilliance as propagandist for this cause. Like every good propagandist, Servan-Schreiber evidently believes in borrowing the weapons of the enemy—in this case de Gaulle—to use against him. And as often happens to even the best propagandists, the enemy's weapons—here the vocabulary and certain concepts of Gaullist nationalism—turn in his hand.

An Assortment of Sorcerers

Numerous examples are available from all bands of the political spectrum to show that the anti-Gaullists, French or non-French, are becoming inadvertent allies of de Gaulle in his cold war against the United States. Considerable portions of *The Amer-*

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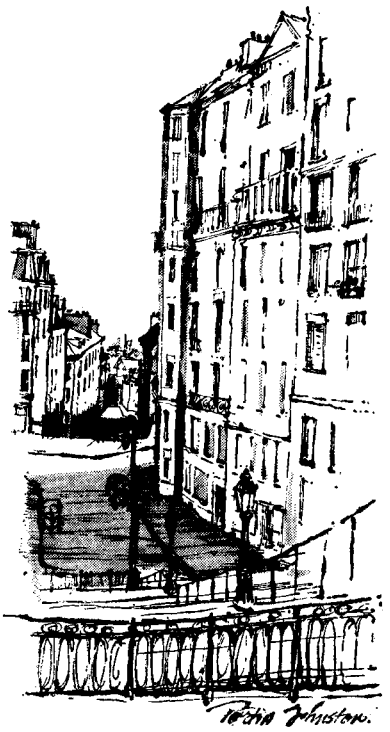
ican Challenge were based on a report put out by the Banque Lambert in Brussels, a private institution several of whose directors are closely identified with the movement for European unity. Other sections are reminiscent of the 1964 campaign in France on the theme of the "dollar invasion." Though encouraged by some government circles, the campaign was primarily instigated by French big business for business reasons; it seems more than likely that certain of its instigators now feel that economic nationalism is beginning to get out of hand in France.

A number of Americans have, needless to say, contributed in one way or another to the Gaullist phobia about American power. Judging by the savage but closely reasoned indictment of U.S. nuclear and European policies contained in General Pierre M. Gallois' recent book *Paradoxes de la Paix*, the biggest contributors were Secretary of Defense McNamara and the late President Kennedy. Next come the officials of the Treasury and Commerce Departments, whom Gallois charges with foolishly encouraging instead of braking the frequently irresponsible overseas expansion of American business. On the other hand, American critics of the Johnson administration such as Senator Fulbright and Walter Lippmann have unquestionably helped to build up the current European image of the United States as an arrogant, overweening bully, too strong for its own and the world's good—"a big, a rich, super-armed giant . . . trying to beat the life out of a dwarf," as Lippmann put it in a column about Vietnam published here recently.

Of all the apprentice sorcerers, French or foreign, who have contributed to exacerbating de Gaulle's anti-Americanism or helped him to poison the French public mind with it, the most disastrous, however, were probably the respectable French scholars attached to the Ministry for Scientific Research who in September, 1964, drafted an official report on the technology gap between the United States and its European allies.

Judging from the recently declassified excerpts published by J.-R. Tournoux in his book *La Tragédie du Général*, the report is couched in highly colored, curiously unscientific



language. It anticipates several of Servan-Schreiber's key themes and sometimes presents them in an even more sensational form. It warns that French national independence is gravely threatened not by the dollar invasion alone but by the alliance between American big business and science leading to an American near monopoly of scientific and technological progress. Thus, the report gloomily concludes, there is a danger that the efforts undertaken to preserve French national independence in the field of scientific research for direct military purposes may be circumvented by "other, apparently pacific research that nonetheless constitutes one of the powerful elements for the conquest of our markets and of our whole economy."

Unlike the Servan-Schreiber book, which tries to use the "American challenge" to awaken Europe's sense of emulation, the French scientists' report pursues no visible constructive aim beyond the strictly nationalist framework and inevitably gives the impression that American power is an evil not because it is being put to bad use but because it is bad in itself. In part this undercurrent of moral disapproval in the report doubtless reflects the typical European mandarin's distress at seeing the temple of science exposed to commercial corruption—an attitude that is largely responsible for Europe's technological lag. Perhaps, too, the historian of ideas might discover in it a faint hint of the belief that all power is essentially evil—an ancient eastern heresy that has flared up like an intermittent fever in the western mind since early Christian times.

PRESIDENT DE GAULLE is the last man in the West to be influenced by the heresy as such. But he was brought up in the old-fashioned balance-of-power diplomatic tradition, and apparently the scientists' report was one of the decisive factors in convincing him that the scales were close to tipping irrevocably in favor of the United States, at least for the present generation.

In any case, Tournoux says in his book that toward the end of 1964 de Gaulle decided that Europe was no longer confronted with the threat of two hegemonies but only one, that of the United States. For the rest of his life, according to Tournoux, de Gaulle is committed to the struggle against American power, just as one of his favorite historical models, Richelieu, was committed to the struggle against Hapsburg power.

Tournoux offers no documentation for the charge, and much of his book is inevitably more gossip than history. The author, however, has built up over the years a solid reputation as a conscientious reporter of current behind-the-scenes French history and his book is probably the best guide to de Gaulle's real thought that we are likely to possess during the President's lifetime.

The objective evidence not only corroborates Tournoux but also suggests that de Gaulle's view of American power as a greater menace to world stability than Communist ambition has become more obsessive and irrational in the last three years. History offers all too many examples of military and political leaders, some of outstanding attainments in their generation, who have allowed similar obsessions to destroy their lifework. For Americans and Frenchmen who believe that good relations between their two countries are vital to western security, the problem is to avoid helping the Gaullist obsession become a French or European one.

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Acheson on Negotiation

On December 3, former Secretary of State Dean Acheson answered questions put by a group of college students assembled by the Public Broadcast Laboratory. Following are excerpts from the televised exchange.

Is our Vietnam objective analogous to our objective in Korea in the first years of the 1950's?

ACHESON: I should think it was almost exactly analogous, almost exactly.

But isn't the major part of the war in the South? It's really an insurgency, a guerrilla war, and should we be involved in that kind of containment?

ACHESON: This is an argument that you hear over and over and over again. . . . I don't believe this for one single solitary minute. And it seems to me that the proof is overwhelming on the other side. This war has been one which has been instigated, armed, directed, and now very largely recruited, from people in the North. . . .

Mr. Lippmann—we spoke to him in the last interview—said that if all of Vietnam went Communist, it would still be anti-Chinese, so that the American purpose of keeping a check on Chinese expansion would be satisfied anyway. Do you agree with that?

ACHESON: Well, Mr. Lippmann, I think, said almost the same thing about all the Eastern satellites. His judgments have been extraordinarily bad. I don't—I can't remember any statement of his that I have agreed with yet, so I don't want to break my rule and start in on this one.

. . . Is there any chance of our negotiating our way out of Vietnam, and what parallels in negotiation does Korea hold for us?

ACHESON: Well, it holds a most undesirable parallel. I think there is no possibility of negotiating our way out of Vietnam. This doesn't exist. Too many people have a completely wrong idea of negotiation as conceived of by the Communists and as conceived of by us, a different idea. With us, negotiation is a David Harum business in which both parties want to reach a result and each one wants to get a slight advantage in reaching a predetermined result —sale of a horse, end of a war—whatever it may be. The Communists have a Clausewitz idea toward negotiation. Negotiation is war carried on by other means, and what they hope to do in a negotiation is not to bring about a peace, but to disadvantage somebody in the course of a war, separate you from your allies, cause you domestic trouble at home, and so forth.

Now in all the experience that I have had with the Communists, negotiation never preceded a settlement or got anywhere. This was true in Greece. They carried on the operations against Greece until they became unproductive, and stopped. In the blockade of Berlin they went on until it was hurting them more than it was hurting us, and they stopped. In the case of Korea, exactly the same thing happened, in fact, except that we spent two years of futile talks at Kaisong and Panmunjom. Now it seems to me that this is exactly the sort of thing that one ought not to get into in Vietnam. When the Communists feel that this effort has not succeeded, they will stop the effort. . . . But if they get talking with us, then we get on this eternal flypaper, in which half the United States will be negotiating for them and even greater confusion will exist than already exists.

If negotiation isn't a realistic possibility, how will we ever get out of Vietnam?

ACHESON: Well, they just stop.

They stop?

ACHESON: They stop. This is what they did in Korea. They just stopped. After a while they got tired of it. After a while they got tired of the siege in Berlin. After a while they got tired of the guerrilla warfare in Greece. After a while they got tired of the pressure on Turkey. They just stop. They don't negotiate a stop. There's a lot of talk connected with it, but it's not a negotiation.

Well, are we to assume that Communist North Vietnam is operating on the Clausewitz principle of negotiations as a furtherance of the war?

ACHESON: They just don't seem to be operating on any principle now. They're just not having any negotiations, and I assume that they either haven't thought of a use they can put them to, or don't want to do it. They may have troubles of their own. I don't know why they are operating, but they don't want to negotiate. I say that's fine. I hope they stay that way. . . .

If negotiations aren't the solution, is there anything that will bring an end to the conflict, that will bring this phasing down that you speak of?

ACHESON: Failure of their objective will do this. And therefore I would arrange what we do to bring about the failure of that objective in such a way as to make it easy for them to give it up. And therefore, I would use this question of bombing as a military and other tool which would also fit into a diplomatic situation where they can end with . . . as little loss of face as possible.

. . . What in particular could we do that would enable them to save face in a military way?

ACHESON: Well, for instance, if our bombing could be made, obviously, an adjunct to the war across

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the Demilitarized Zone, so it not only appeared to be but was primarily directed at that—now there is a gray edge to this, where you move from support of a front into weakening lines of supply. This is all right. Go ahead. Do everything that is necessary to weaken the enemy in that particular major military battle. And as you do weaken them, and as they do want to stop, indicate that as they stop, this particular weapon will be less used or not used at all. You don't have to talk to them about it, you just have to do it. Now, if there is a lull, for instance, in the battle across the zone, and you see by your air reconnaissance vast activity going on for a buildup, go and bomb it, of course. If, on the other hand, this is an indication they're really quite tired, you don't need to do that. Ease it off. They begin to get a correlation between things which are really correlative.

. . . are you for a bombing pause around Christmas time?

ACHESON: I don't think these bombing pauses make any sense at all unless they are related in a real way with the military situation. And as far as I see at the present time, there's no reason at all for one around Christmas unless you do this for compassionate reasons, and the other side does it too. . . .

We've been talking a lot about the similarities between the Korean War and the Vietnam War. In what way do you think Mr. Johnson's handling of the Congress and the making of foreign policy is similar or different to President Truman's?

ACHESON: Well, I think President Truman's handling of it was simpler and less excitable than the present handling. The great similarities about it are that both of these wars were wars in which people started out more favorably disposed to what was going on than they ended up. I think this is true of all of wars anyway, and understandably so. But it's particularly true of the smaller wars as against the bigger wars.

I think President Truman took this from the point of view of saying, "We've got to see it through, *now let's steady down, boys, steady* as you go, don't get rattled, don't get excited." And he kept saying what he thought we were trying to do. I think the President is always hopeful that what he says is going to make people more favorably inclined to the war. And I think this is a hopeless endeavor, just can't be done. He earnestly tries to do it, but it just can't be done. People aren't going to like it any better. No matter what he did, they wouldn't like it any better. And therefore, I would hope that he would take it in a more relaxed way, and not try every day to have some new idea and send people around the world to do things, and himself make a lot of speeches about it. I would just say, we really have to see this thing through. . . .

Mr. Acheson, one question on politics. . . . We're coming into 1968. You are a Democrat. Are you going to—is there every indication you're going to support the President, and do you have any opinion on some of the Republicans being mentioned to oppose him?

ACHESON: I am a strong supporter of the President and will support him. I think that we Democrats have the two best people who are qualified to be President in the President and the Vice President that are in the country. This is my own passionately felt view.

As far as the Republicans are concerned, I am quite impartial and nonpolitical. I don't think any of them are any good, in the sense, good for this office.

The Automakers Focus On Detroit's Jobless

ROBERT W. IRVIN

DETROIT

A TEST of what private industry is willing and able to do to combat the conditions leading to racial violence in the cities is being provided here by the Big Three auto manufacturers. In the aftermath of the disastrous July riots, the auto industry, which is second only to the Federal government as an employer, swiftly concluded that the best contribution it could make was jobs. The unemployment rate runs as high as forty per cent in Detroit's riot areas, and of the city's 101,000 jobless in July, the overwhelming majority were Negroes. Since then the number of unemployed has been almost cut in half mainly because of seasonal adjustments in the work force, but in part as a result of a modest industry effort to hire from the slums.

"If they want jobs, we'll give them jobs," Henry Ford II said as he announced his company's intention to employ six thousand people from the inner city. Ford is sending recruiters to anti-poverty centers to reach the hard-core unemployed. General Motors sent sound trucks into the slums to announce job openings and followed them up with personnel teams to sign up applicants. In the first three months after the riots, G.M. had taken on 12,200 workers, 5,300 of them Negroes but only a few hundred of the total from the ranks of the chronically unemployed. Chrysler relaxed its employment standards and began to accept men with criminal records and known troublemakers, including a hundred Negro youth-gang members referred by the YMCA. Most of those hired go to work at union wages of more than three dollars an hour in unskilled assembly-line jobs. In many cases only a few hours of training is needed.

These are more radical changes than the statistics would suggest, for while both management and the United Auto Workers union have a good record in nondiscrimination, job-application forms and interviews used to screen out anyone with educational or personal shortcomings. Now Ford has scrapped both oral and written examinations and is turning to poverty-program files to get at the disadvantaged and give them a break. "After they are inter-

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viewed and if they pass their physical examinations, they are hired right on the spot," according to a city official. Ford has hired 1,200 of the goal of six thousand, but two hundred failed to report for work.

In collaboration with the Detroit Urban League, G.M. is seeking out persons who would normally be considered unfit for hiring. Its Pontiac Division has taken on at least 250 of these, many with prison records, and 182 are still working. Pontiac assigns a "buddy" to each new worker. "It's one thing for a foreman to tell the man to show up on time, but it's another for his buddy to visit him at home and give him the message," a company official said. G.M. frankly doesn't know how the policy will work out. "You can't have the efficiency you like without the best people in the labor market," Chairman James M. Roche observed. "But we probably excluded people who had a record. We decided the time had come to find out: were we right or were we wrong?"

For years Ed Davis, who operates a Chrysler-Plymouth agency here, was the only Negro dealer in the country franchised by any motor company. In September the Chrysler Corporation announced a program to recruit Negro dealers from the ranks of its dealers' salesmen. After they have received six months of training, the company will be prepared to provide loans to get the men started in business. But Chrysler has only one candidate at present. Both G.M. and Ford have recently franchised two Negro dealers and plan to name more.

The Sum and the Parts

Opinions differ on just how effective these industry efforts have been and how lasting their results will prove to be. Some of the sharp drop in Detroit's unemployment can be attributed to the fact that unemployment always rises in the early summer when the automakers are in the process of model changes and students are looking for work, and declines as new production is started in August. Layoffs usually begin again in January, but the 1968 employment levels should hold up longer at Ford, which has a backlog created by the September strike. G.M. and the UAW are still negotiating their contract. But when layoffs start, the last to be hired will be the first to be fired. "They tell us these people are being hired for new jobs and won't be affected by cutbacks," one Negro leader told me. "But there are very good seniority rules in those auto plants. If you're in the business of making money, social work is for someone else." Widespread frustration could follow if people hired from the slums with fanfare are let go in a few months.

Some experts doubt that the new hiring has made much of a dent among the chronically unemployed. "Those few thousand jobs are a pathetic drop in the bucket for an industry earning billions," said Professor Leonard Moss, chairman of the Wayne State University sociology department. Malcolm R. Lovell, Jr., head of the Michigan Employment Security Commission, estimates that there are about twenty thousand hard-core jobless concentrated in districts where almost every other man is out of work or underemployed. He believes that these people will be out of work whether there are fifty thousand or a hundred thousand unemployed. Moreover, many of the thousands hired recently may have just switched jobs. And some civil-rights leaders assert that it's one thing to hire a disadvantaged Negro and give him a few hours of training so that he can perform a simple assembly job, but it's quite another matter how he's treated from there on out.

"These corporations may be ever so sincere about trying to eliminate unemployment, but they have to follow through on the plant level," said Mrs. Nadine Brown, secretary of the City-Wide Citizens Action Committee. "Some of the foremen are real daisies and these new people take a lot of harassment." One company executive admitted that it's sometimes difficult to implement equal opportunity on the assembly line, and cited the case of a bright young Negro working in a tool crib who had been passed over for promotion: "It never occurred to that plant manager to promote the fellow —because he was a Negro."

Although partnership between the private sector and various levels of government is endorsed by the industry in principle, the main existing joint project with government has not been renewed. This was a three-year program begun in 1965 to train some two thousand unskilled men as auto mechanics. Chrysler dealers did most of the training on the job in their shops, with the U.S. Department of Labor paying part of the apprentice wages and local trade schools providing supplemental instruction. Chrysler has been unhappy with governmental red tape, with standards that varied from state to state, and with the length of the training period. The company has decided to continue the program in 1968 without Federal help, cutting it down to one year.

Another criticism of the industry is that it still has few Negro white-collar workers. There are only thirteen Negroes among the 2,800 engineering students at the General Motors Institute, the company-sponsored college where many future G.M. executives are trained. The firms also need college graduates trained in business, but the number of Negroes with this background in Detroit is small. The businessmen have plans, however, for a community college in the slum area, and Roche of G.M., in a statement that indicates how much industry attitudes are changing, has said that helping the Detroit public-school system "is something we will have to look into."

THE AUTOMAKERS are already involved in what might be termed community action. Their executives are among the thirty-nine members of the New Detroit Committee, an organization founded after the riot at the request of Mayor Jerome Cavanagh and Governor George Romney. The committee has worked hard at increasing job opportunities for Negroes and has lobbied, so far unsuccessfully, for a state open-housing law. At its head is Joseph L. Hudson, Jr., who runs the city's largest department store. It includes nine Negroes, some of them outspokenly militant and a number of them from slum neighborhood groups. "We don't know anything about the stuff going on down there," committee member Ford told a reporter. "We've never been involved. We just get reports. It will come to naught if we don't listen now."

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Regis Debray: Where Logic Failed

LUIS E. AGUILAR

IN THE Bolivian prison where he has begun serving a thirty-year sentence for guerrilla activity, Régis Debray may be pondering his own dictum: "The penalty for a false theory is military defeat." This sentence from the young French Marxist's book *Revolution in the Revolution?* condemns its author, for the Castroite theory of revolutionary tactics that Ernesto "Che" Guevara and Debray were testing in the Bolivian backlands ended not only in death for the one and prison for the other but also in exposure of the weakness of their credo.

Both men used Cuba as the model for Latin-American revolution, but Debray carried it to the extreme. In his long essay, a handbook of Castroism, he dismisses all other tactics and strategies. He analyzes and rejects the tactic of "peasant self-defense" adopted by several revolutionary groups in Colombia, the Trotskyites, and the united-front policy of many Latin-American Communist Parties. The fact that none of these approaches has precipitated a successful revolution is, for Debray, definite proof of their falsity. Instead, he heralds the advent of an era of "total class warfare, excluding compromise solutions and shared power." In Debray's terms the Cuban revolution is both the thunder that signaled the end of the old era and the lightning that illuminates the path to the new. And the lesson he derives from the Cuban experience is that the only way to overthrow Latin-American governments is to break their backbone, the army, by means of guerrilla movements.

The guerrilla for Debray is not the familiar kind, tied to the political parties of the cities and used to gain limited objectives, but a new breed, capable not only of obtaining military victories and producing effective leadership but also of forging a high revolutionary morale and dedication. "The guerrilla force," concluded Debray, "is the political vanguard *in nuce* and from its development a real party can arise."

As Castro's theoretician, Debray enhanced with dialectical logic what Fidel and the Cuban press had been preaching—at times with impatience—for the last four years: "The duty of a revolutionary is to make revolution. We did it in Cuba; you can do it in your own country." Many Latin-American Communist Parties, however, refuse to accept the exclusiveness of the Cuban formula. Quoting Castro, Debray warns them of the historical risk involved in their refusal: "Who will make the revolution in Latin America? Who? The people, the revolutionaries, with or without a party."

DEBRAY'S LOGIC failed because his basic premise was wrong. Other factors than the guerrilla were involved in Castro's victory. During the first months of his régime Fidel Castro and his brother Raúl consistently downgraded the role of the rebel army. Guevara himself, in one of his first and most important analyses of the revolution, paid due attention to the attitude of the Cuban bourgeoisie, the condition of the peasants, the role of the proletariat, the international situation (which allowed imperialism to be deceived), the charismatic character of Fidel Castro, and other exceptional factors.

Each of these elements is essential for a proper understanding of the Cuban revolution, but the absence of two of them from Debray's analysis is more than enough to weaken his case. First, Debray sees no difference between Castro the revolutionary leader and Castro the guerrilla fighter. Today Castro demands from would-be revolutionaries programs and attitudes that he did not reveal when he was making his own revolution. Second, Debray does not mention the weak condition of President Fulgencio Batista's army and the low morale of its soldiers. In reality the ineffectiveness of the Cuban Army was a key factor in Castro's success, but elsewhere in Latin America today the military often is strong.

The inconsistency between Castro's image as presented by Debray and the historical reality becomes evident when he offers the alternatives for Latin Americans. "In the new context of struggle to the death, there is no place for spurious solutions. . . . Oligarchical dictatorships pose the alternative of beginning to destroy them *en bloc* or of accepting them *en bloc*. . . ." The present-day revolutionary is urged to follow a Castro who never compromised and never wavered in his radicalism, who "did not hesitate, even at the risk of being left alone during very difficult moments, to repudiate 'his' bourgeoisie, which was given to making unprincipled alliances. For example, when he condemned the Miami Pact in his admirable letter of December 14, 1957."

Debray conveniently omits mentioning that in that same "admirable letter" Castro made these very important concessions to his bourgeoisie: (a) the statement that he was fighting for the re-establishment of the Constitution of 1940; (b) the promise to hold elections eighteen months after victory; (c) the nomination of Manuel Urrutia as the pro-

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visional presidential candidate of the 26th of July Movement, "because there is no one like him so free of political partisanship" (which actually made him a "compromise" candidate); and (d) the pledge that no member of the 26th of July Movement would participate in the provisional government.

The Birth of a Legend

In December, 1961, Castro himself acknowledged the difference between his words before victory and his deeds after it. If his famous document "History Will Absolve Me" had been "a more radical program," he told the Cuban people, it would have provoked alarm, "and certainly the revolutionary movement against Batista would not have been able to acquire the magnitude that it did and which made possible its victory."

The cautious, deceptive Castro who promised elections and constitutional government, who chose a compromise candidate and restrained his radicalism, does not jibe with the fiery, outspoken, uncompromising revolutionary who is Debray's model for guerrilla leaders today. The example of Castro after victory, when he was able to unfold his Marxism-Leninism without risk, is scarcely of use to revolutionaries who would follow Debray's theories. Why, they ask, should they adopt an extremism that Castro carefully avoided in the early stages of his career? The Venezuelian Communist Party had a much more balanced view when it sardonically answered Castro's insults about its lack of radicalism by pointing out "where Castro would still be if he had had the idea of raising the Red flag in the Cuban mountains."

Although Debray begins by criticizing the tendency to reduce the Cuban revolution to "a golden legend," he later unstintingly praises the "legendary" victories of the Cuban guerrillas. He tells how three hundred fighters defeated ten thousand fully equipped soldiers and how the rebel army became invincible when it reached a ratio of one against five hundred. It is as if the episode of an American platoon's capturing an entire German division were cited to give a picture of the Second World War without mentioning that it happened in May, 1945, when the Wehrmacht was totally demoralized. Ignoring the condition of Batista's army, Debray's basic conclusion seems to be that in any corner of Latin America, facing any army, the guerrillas are invincible as soon as they reach the Cuban ratio of one to five hundred. It is a dangerous conclusion for men who would risk their lives.

Even if one isolates the Cuban guerrilla struggle from all other aspects of the Cuban revolution—a distortion in itself—the truth is that the low morale of Batista's army is a much better explanation for the Castro victory than the "legendary" heroism of a few hundred guerrillas. Weakened by the general unpopularity of the cause they were defending, sapped by a clever propaganda that incessantly repeated that the struggle was not against them but against their leader, demoralized by the open corruption of the régime they represented, the soldiers saw no reason for risking their lives. At best, their attitude was a passive, reluctant one that rendered any effective military operation impossible.

The officer corps was in no better condition. For years in Cuba, favoritism and nepotism rather than military proficiency were the best channels for promotion. The commander, ex-Sergeant Fulgencio Batista, was a man devoid of any kind of military capacity, totally unconcerned about military operations and the plight of his soldiers. These conditions help to explain the triumphant march of Che Guevara's and Camilo Cienfuegos's columns through the flatland province of Camagüey without being seen or attacked by Batista's army. No guerrilla leader could hope to repeat this feat if faced by an army determined to fight.

A REALISTIC appraisal of all these factors has convinced many Latin American Marxists that a Castro-type victory is unrepeatable in Latin America, and that Castro himself has made this a certainty. Because of him, they claim, it is no longer possible to start a guerrilla war in the mountains, deceive the bourgeoisie with moderate political programs, divide the army with propaganda, and neutralize imperialism with the story of romantic rebels fighting for democracy. The example of what happened in Cuba has hardened the resistance and the will to fight in many Latin-American sectors, and, if any doubt remained, Guevara's writings insisting on the necessity of wiping out the army and Debray's proclamation of the new era of "war to the death" are powerful reminders of the mortal character of the struggle.

These Marxists also argue that the distortion of the Cuban phenomenon by Debray further harmed the revolutionary cause; that the Latin-American Right is reaching some correct conclusions from the Cuban example, while Debray is teaching the Left the wrong formulas. The one studies the reality of Cuba, the other is being fed its myths. The Guevara and Debray books are widely read by the revolutionaries. But army officers have also studied them, as well as the works detailing the mistakes of Batista.

The Right now knows that a guerrilla band is something to be concerned about, that the rebel movement must be crushed in its initial stage, that the mistake of antagonizing the peasants must be avoided, that experienced anti-insurgency advisers must be available, and that to free a captured guerrilla leader, as Batista did with Castro, can be disastrous.

In contrast, from Debray's type of argument, the Latin-American New Left is being taught that Castro's victory shows that extremism is no longer an infantile disease, that heroism and enthusiasm need no allies, that a small band of fighters is capable of creating the subjective conditions for revolutionary victory, that the leftist parties in the cities should not be trusted, that a ratio of one against five hundred makes the guerrilla invincible.

But what has happened to those who followed this teaching—the deaths of the guerrilla leaders Luis Turcios Lima in Guatemala and Guillermo Lobatón and Luis de la Puente Uceda in Peru, the fall of Father Camilo Torres in Colombia, the crisis of the FALN (Armed Forces of National Liberation) in Venezuela, the capture of Debray and the fate of Guevara in Bolivia—is the real measure of how dangerous it is to fight reality with a myth.

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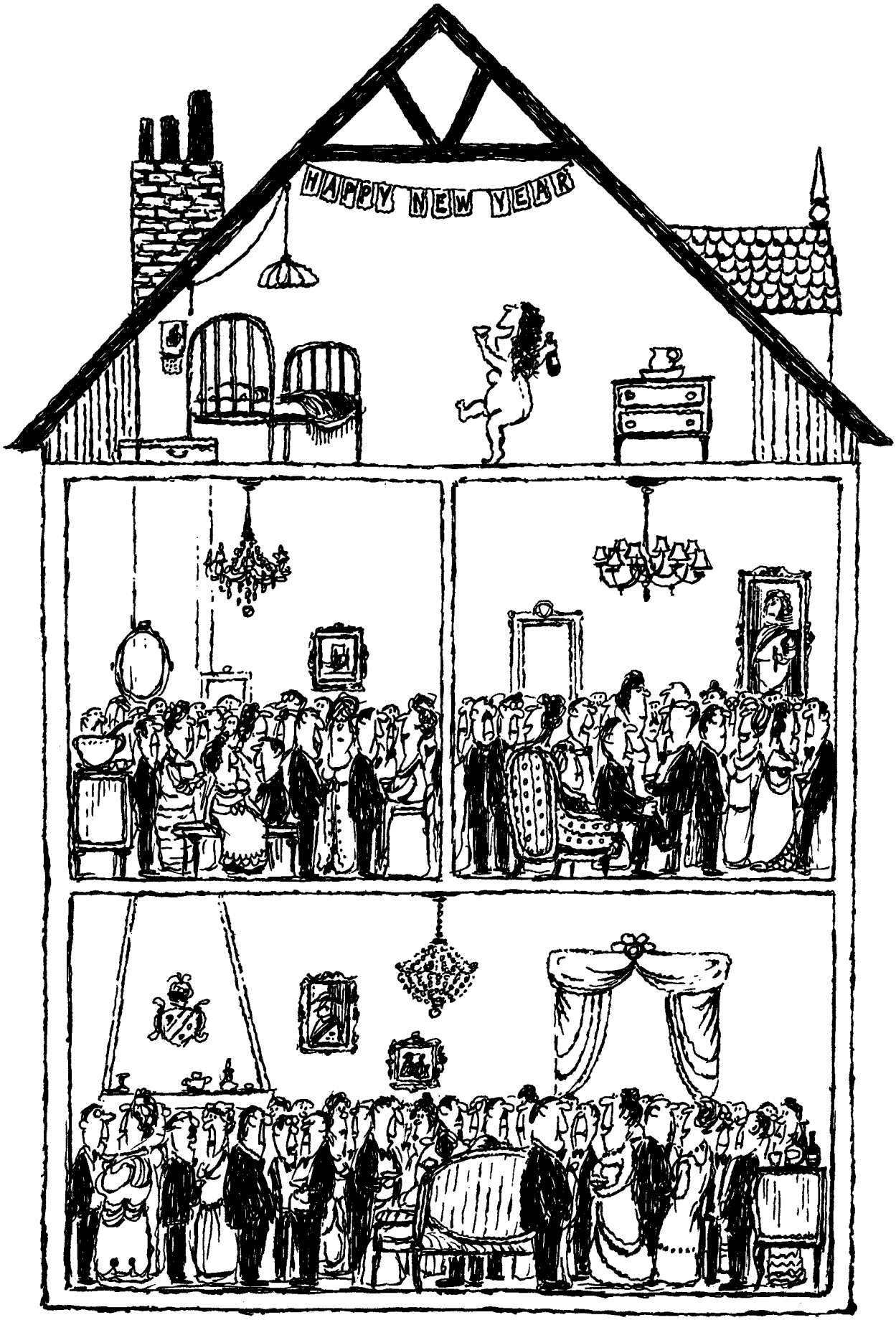

By Fernando Krahn

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Aggiornamento

ELIZABETH CHRISTMAN

SISTER MARGARET SCHROEDER read a paper before the Midwest Humanities Association, which was meeting at the Jefferson Hotel in St. Louis. "Laughter in the Poetry of Emily Dickinson" was a good paper, gracefully written and not too long. Professor Matt Rouse of the English Department at Cornelia College had encouraged her to read it—"Fun and Games with Emily," he liked to call it—and had assured her that her impact would be "fantastic." Professor Rouse, thirty years old with a Ph.D. from Princeton and a "definitive" book on Elizabethan rhyme schemes, was head of the English Department. Cornelia College had lured him away from Watkins State University with a salary several thousand a year above what he was getting and had bought him a house. Cornelia College was building up a "strong lay presence within the Catholic context."

As Sister Margaret read her paper to an attentive and quietly delighted audience, she felt self-conscious in a way that was new to her. She understood suddenly that when Professor Rouse had promised her an "impact," he had been thinking of her reading of the paper, not simply of its content. She saw herself through his eyes and ears, through the eyes and ears of seventy or eighty listeners sitting on folding chairs in a small meeting room. The paper contained a number of passages from the Dickinson poems and Sister Margaret's dry, delicate voice rendered them exquisitely. She hadn't consciously thought of that before, but as she read, she knew that Professor Rouse had:

"Till Seraphs swing their snowy
Hats—
And Saints—to windows run—
To see the little Tippler
Leaning against the—Sun—"

The ripple of enjoyment through the audience exhilarated Sister Margaret because some tone in it said that they were enjoying *her* first and then Emily Dickinson. She was forty years old and she had scarcely ever thought of herself as a woman who might please people simply in her own person. She had been intent solely, or almost solely, on her work, which was teaching, and on the necessary studies and research that would make her a better teacher. When she had put on the habit at eighteen, she had vowed to make herself smaller and smaller and the love of God larger and larger in her life. She loved God, she loved teaching, she loved scholarship. She was very busy and she had never had time or care for self-evaluation.

SHE resolutely accepted all the changes in the college and in the life of the sisters that were keeping pace with those in the Church at large. When Sister Clemence McHugh, the dynamic president of Cornelia College, talked to the sisters about renewal—"The cloister has crumbled, Sisters! The world is our convent!"—Sister Margaret was stirred. It was thrilling to be a nun, she thought, in these exciting days when old cramping forms were being thrown off. The new habit was eight inches shorter and was lighter by seven yards of material. The new feeling of physical maneuverability was matched by a feeling of intellectual maneuverability. A sister could go to the theatre, to the movies, she could visit lay people in their homes, go to restaurants, and all without a companion.

"And to nightclubs? Are we to go frugging at nightclubs too?" old Sister Antoninus had asked bitterly, speaking for the conservatives.

"You must use your own judgment," Sister Clemence had answered gently. (The notion of Sister Antoninus frugging at a nightclub had to be sternly banished from consideration until a more private moment.) "Our mission is to the world, Sister. It's conceivable that it might take us, yes, even to a nightclub."

Nobody had yet been to a nightclub. But sisters traveled the fifty miles to Chicago regularly to see plays and foreign movies. They went to cocktail parties at the homes of lay faculty. Sister Felicia of the Sociology Department took part in a symposium on the Pill at a secular university in Ohio. Sister Margaret noticed that the lay faculty, especially the younger members such as Professor Rouse, no longer bridled their conversation when nuns were present. Dr. Jenkins, the new youngster in the History Department, always seemed to work in a few extra God-damns when talking to the nuns.

"They're testing us," she told Sister Clemence. "They want to know if we really mean it."

"Jack Jenkins probably had his mouth washed out with soap in fifth grade by a termagant in a wimple," Sister Clemence said laughing. "He's getting his own back now." Then she turned serious again, as she always did when speaking of her great crusade. "It's childish of him, and it's disagreeable for us. But all these little adjustments will be behind us

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soon. Then we'll be where we should have been all along—eyeball to eyeball with Mammon, showing men that Christ's love reaches everywhere and embraces everyone."

Sister Margaret accepted the challenge ardently. When Professor Rouse and his wife had a barbecue for the English Department, she took a beer and drank it out of the can as everybody else did. She hated the taste, but the good thing about a can was that nobody could tell how much of it you'd drunk. Holding her one beer can all evening, she was able to get out of having whiskey and yet not spoil the racy picture of the "new nun" that seemed endlessly fascinating to lay people. This was one of those little adjustments Sister Clemence had spoken of, this uncomfortable limelight that the nun had to stand in, this peculiar attention to her person. It was a trial, but Sister Margaret bore it willingly for the sake of the goal.

She felt this focus of interest on her person as she read her paper on Emily Dickinson's humor. She saw that her comments and insights were heightened for her audience because they saw her as a Dickinsonian figure herself—the virginal but sophisticated intellectual. When she read the lines

> "Such dimity convictions—
> A Horror so refined
> of freckled Human Nature . . ."

her listeners laughed with her at Emily's jest at pious churchwomen, and their enjoyment was enriched by the overtone that made it also a rueful comment on nuns.

And when she reached her examination of the somber poem that ends

> "Mirth is the Mail of Anguish—
> in which it Cautious Arm,
> Lest anybody spy the blood
> And 'you're hurt' exclaim!,"

she sensed that her listeners were by now making romantic analogies between the deprivations of the poet and those (imagined) of the nun.

She wasn't conscious of deliberately planning this personal note, and she felt that she ought to be a little ashamed of it. Pure scholarship had no room for personality, and Sister Margaret had a burning admiration for pure scholarship. She had worked hard to make her paper a scholarly success for the glory of God, for Cornelia College, and for Professor Rouse.

The explosion of applause as she finished attested that it *had* been a success. It was the last paper at the afternoon meeting, and she was immediately surrounded by congratulators. Professor Rouse stood nearby, smiling paternally, as Robertson Hayes, the Dickinson man from Washington University, shook hands with her and Ward Andrus, the editor of *Nineteenth Century Poetry*, praised her illumination of Dickinson's "metaphysical hilarity." Dozens of people, it seemed, wanted to speak to her, and the little knot around her formed and reformed. She acknowledged compliments, answered questions, and parried pleasantries in an agreeable excitement that seemed to have very

little to do with a scholarly meeting. She felt more like a popular girl at a ball. (Sister Margaret had never been at a ball, but she had of course read novels.) When Professor Rouse finally elbowed through and led her away with references to people he wanted her to meet, she felt he was claiming the next dance.

"They'd have kept you standing there for another hour," he said as they moved down a hall. "I want you to come in and have a drink with us at Southern Missouri's Hospitality Room. You need it after that splendid performance. Didn't I tell you you'd be a smasheroo?"

As they entered the Hospitality Room, a bald, distinguished man, whose name tag showed he was Professor Navarro from Kansas State, broke away from a group and came toward them. He kissed Sister Margaret's hand with playful courtliness. "A charming paper from a charming scholar," he said.

Then a pretty girl, who looked scarcely older than some of Sister Margaret's students, came forward with a smile. "Welcome to our party. I'm Marsha Tennant of Southern Missouri, and we now feel that we've captured the lion—lioness—of the conference. What can I offer you, Sister?"

"Ginger ale, if you have it—or Coke." They were standing right beside the table which was serving as a bar, and Sister Margaret could see that there was no beer.

"Come now, no dimity convictions," Professor Navarro protested. "Have a little bourbon, Sister Margaret. Put a little bourbon in that, Dr. Tennant."

Miss Tennant hesitated, pouring ginger ale into a glass, uncertain whether to fill it up. A pink-cheeked instructor who was tending bar waved a bottle of bourbon in salute.

"For the little Tippler," he suggested.

But Sister Margaret reached for the ginger ale and covered the half-filled glass with her hand.

" 'I taste a liquor never brewed,' " she countered. Shouts of laughter rewarded her joke. She felt smooth and in command of her situation.

After the first few minutes the particular attention to Sister Margaret and her paper died down a little, and she was glad of it. It was stimulating simply to be in this group of teachers and scholars, listening to them talk of their research and their teaching and occasionally contributing a comment of her own. She upheld with good humor, against a formidable lady professor, the usefulness of introducing freshmen to poetry. She felt herself a professional among professionals with no artificial deference paid to her habit, and she saw how good this was.

The groups in the crowded room flowed into one another and new groups broke away. Sister Margaret had another glass of ginger ale, this time without fuss. She became conscious that her feet hurt, that she was rather hungry, and that some people were getting a little loud and silly. The room was very smoky. She accepted these discomforts with an inner smile—this was the cocktail hour, a hard fact of modern life. She

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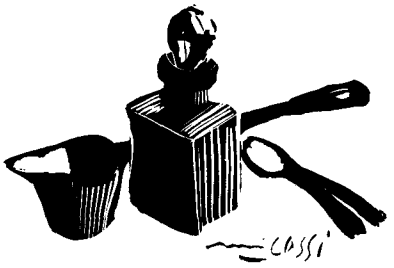
was glad to experience it. Professor Rouse had disappeared, and this pleased her too. It meant that he had discarded the idea that nuns were required to be protected and chaperoned whenever they were away from their convent.

She saw Father Huffner of St. Louis University across the room and she remembered that she wanted to speak to him about a girl from Cornelia who was now doing a Master's thesis under his direction, but she decided to catch him at another



time. "Don't cluster together," Sister Clemence was always cautioning. "A group of religious scares people off, whereas a nun or priest alone is very approachable."

THE SUBJECT of dinner came up suddenly among the five people Sister Margaret was talking to. Dr. Glassner, the lady professor from Mount Akron College, was among them.

"You'll come with us, Sister Margaret?" she asked. Taken unaware, Sister Margaret hesitated, wondering if they really wanted her to go.

"Of course she will," said Tom Sands, the jolly little linguistics man, quickly taking charge of the expedition. "We'll grab a taxi and go out to Beau Clair on Lindell. Don't worry, Sister, we'll be back in time to hear Sheehy on Faulkner at eight. Let's go, everybody, we've only got an hour and a half."

"Do we need a reservation?" somebody asked as the group hurried into an elevator.

"A party of six can always get a table," Sands assured them.

Almost before she knew what had happened, Sister Margaret found herself squeezed into a taxi with four men and Dr. Glassner, pulling away from the Jefferson Hotel and heading west. Exhilaration fought with apprehension inside her. What sort of place were they going to? But Sister Clemence was always saying that they must be "yes people," must not hold back from involvement. Conceivably even to a nightclub, she had said, and Sister Margaret was glad to remember this.

When the taxi pulled up at the awning before Beau Clair, everybody in the group chipped in toward the taxi fare, and Tom Sands by unspoken agreement paid it. Nobody demurred at Sister Margaret's paying her share.

Beau Clair turned out to be an attractive restaurant in vague French Provincial style, where even Sister Antoninus would have felt comfortable. There was another nun in the dining room among a family group, Sister Margaret noted, and she instantly rebuked herself for letting it matter.

The men in the party ordered a round of drinks, but Dr. Glassner, perhaps out of tact—Sister Margaret hoped not—refrained. Menus were distributed. As she studied hers, a shock vibrated through Sister Margaret's frame. She thought of the few dollar bills in her purse which compared so precariously with the very cheapest dinner on the menu. The shared taxi bill made clear to her what she had not, up to then, even thought of: she was in a Dutch-treat party.

Of course she was. When a group of people working together went out for a meal, naturally each one paid for his own. Nuns did it too among themselves. But nuns never went to expensive restaurants except when invited, and when invited they paid little attention to prices.

"Come, Sister, a nice sirloin steak for you," the jovial uncle would say, and Sister would smilingly agree.

In the dining cars of trains it was not unusual for a businessman at another table to call the steward and settle the sisters' bill. Once a young sailor who looked no more than eighteen had paid Sister Margaret's dinner check on a train and had disappeared before she even knew that he had done it. But incidents like that belonged to the past of protection and cloister.

Sister Margaret had been glad to repudiate that ineffectual past for the dynamic role of the "new nun." An hour ago she had been playing the role confidently. That confidence now seemed insane. How ill-prepared she was, who had left the world as a child and had lived in the shelter of the convent for over twenty years.

She ordered scrambled eggs and prayed that no extras would be urged on her. The eggs came beautifully garnished with mushrooms and flanked by quantities of buttered toast, but Sister Margaret, who had been so hungry, ate very little. She who had talked so well at the cocktail party sat silent, smiling mechanically, her brain in a turmoil of arithmetic. Her presence was a disappointment to the others; she knew it but she was helpless to remedy it.

When the meal was finally over and the bill came, she thought for one minute of panic that Tom Sands was simply going to divide it equally. Dr. Glassner protested.

"Don't be so lazy, Tommy. Break it down. We girls aren't paying for your drinks!"

Sister Margaret knew then that Dr. Glassner had understood her situation. She was grateful, and humiliated. The sum was broken down, and she managed to cover her part.

As they left, Sister Margaret saw the nun she had noticed on entering. The big family party had finished dinner and one of the men was snapping fresh bills and putting them down on the tray as the waiter looked on happily. The nun was paying no attention. She was folding up the

menu to take home, and the others at the table were smiling fondly at her innocence.

THE PARTY of six educators got back to the hotel at last, a little late for Professor Maurice Sheehy's talk on "Faulkner's Debt to Hawthorne," and they slipped in quietly to stand at the back of the filled room. Sister Margaret's feet still hurt. In the old days she would have been there early and would have had a front seat. She felt inexpressibly tired, ignorant, and vulnerable.

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Working Wives

GERALD WEALES

THE NEW Edward Albee play is neither new nor Albee. *Everything in the Garden* is an Americanization of a comedy by the late Giles Cooper that played in London in 1962, first as an experimental production of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, then—with a new ending—in a brief commercial run. The Cooper play is about a suburban housewife, hedged in by a lack of money, who drifts, almost absent-mindedly, into prostitution; her husband, whose initial outrage gets sidetracked by what they can do with the extra money (buy him a new power mower, for one thing); and their friends and neighbors, who turn out to be in the business too and who join them in disposing of a bachelor friend who is about to discover the truth. The special quality of Cooper's play is the contrast between the casual, even banal lines of the characters—their chatter of gardens and shops, their pose as proper parents, their prim bigotry—and the actions that make the surface possible.

Albee has retained the basic situation of Cooper's play, the main line of action, the order of scenes, even the best of the lines when they were transferable to the American setting, but something—several things, in fact—have gone wrong. Albee's play starts out well enough. We are introduced to a stereotypical suburban couple, an attractive pair suffering from the affluent poverty that comes from living beyond one's means. As the play opens, they are involved in an apparently recurring quarrel about money—rather more rancorous, this being Albee, than the good-natured Cooper whine—which establishes them as typical of their breed. That means that they are muddle-headed, status-conscious, and greedy, as well as charming.

It was an excellent idea to cast Barbara Bel Geddes and Barry Nelson in the leads, for had Albee been going for the effects that Cooper was after, there would have been a residual charm for New York audiences in having the stars of *Mary, Mary* up to their platitudes in corruption. Miss Bel Geddes is almost demonically bland when she wants to be, capable of conveying sweet vacuity and wringing laughs out of unfunny lines in the process; Nelson has made a career out of being beset and befuddled, thrown off balance by the unpredictable doings of lovably eccentric wives. These are standard characters from conventional Broadway comedy, perfect figures to make a satirical point by being put into a sardonic situation. They fail because Albee gives them the wrong associates and asks them to do the wrong things.

WHEN the neighbors arrive for the last-act party, they turn out not to be the innocent-looking equivalents of the hero and heroine that the Cooper plot needs. The ladies look like suburban tarts, not members of Jenny's morning coffee klatch, and their husbands are all slick operators, obviously corrupt from the moment they step over the threshold. More damaging to the satirical point, Cooper's dumpy little madame, the Polish Jew with whom the ladies do business despite their anti-Semitism, the woman everyone takes for a dressmaker, becomes in Albee an elegant British lady, icily sure of herself, commanding everyone on stage. As Beatrice Straight plays her, she recalls those serpentine villainesses Gale Sondergaard used to do in the movies of the 1930's. Where Cooper used the character simply as a device, to initiate the situation in Act I and to precipitate the crisis in Act III, Albee uses her as a central figure. It is Mrs. Toothe (the name Albee gives her, presumably because sharks have teeth, dear) who oversees the murder and the burial in the garden. Compared to the scene in the Cooper play in which the murder is genuinely accidental and the cover-up is handled by the ladies, who talk about it as though they were making out laundry lists, the Albee version comes on like something out of *The Shanghai Gesture*. It is more like the corruption of the innocents than a sardonic attack on greed masked as propriety.

The effect is heightened by the fact that Albee cannot really let his hero and heroine fit comfortably into the situation in which they find themselves. He seems to be trying to retain conventional audience sympathy for them even as they succumb to the lure of extra money. After the first scene, they tend toward the soap-operatic—first Richard, who cannot adjust to the news that his wife is a whore, and then Jenny, who cannot stand the murder of Jack. Neither Nelson's suffering, which is totally unconvincing, nor Miss Bel Geddes's tears, which are some of the best in the business, can be taken satirically, and if the play moves into the possibility of pain in the second scene, it loses the audacious point that gave Cooper's original whatever life it had.

PERHAPS it is an unfair criticism to blame Albee for not writing Cooper's play, for he said in the usual pre-opening Sunday article in the New York *Times* that the English play was only a catalyst, that he was "working my own variations on his theme." My complaint, however, is that the variations are less interesting than the original idea and that they do not work comfortably within the situation that he has borrowed. For one thing, he tries to make explicit what is implicit in the Cooper play, tries to widen the net of attack. The husbands, who in Cooper are minor executives or small businessmen, become vultures in Albee—a real-estate agent who cashes in on the Negro exodus to the suburbs, a publisher who peddles trash, a chemist who works on germ warfare. This gives Jenny a chance to make a speech, quite out of character, about how they are all prostitutes. The fifteen-year-old son, who in Cooper is no more than disruptive, making inappropriate comments that ruffle the surface of the party, becomes an incipient social conscience. The difficulty here is that the husbands—except for Richard, who as a chemist is presumably

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on a fixed salary—are so exaltedly acquisitive that the original reason for the girls' going into business is weakened.

The emphasis on money in the original idea is further disoriented by Albee's inability to work on that level. Never consistently a social critic, he has become increasingly preoccupied with the problems of separateness and of ways of coping with an uncongenial world. It is disconcerting to find the familiar Albee themes pushing their way into the Cooper framework, which splits open under the impact. Friend Jack, the murder victim, whom Albee unhappily lets chat directly to the audience (Pirandello gone cute), is turned into a millionaire who suffers from the loneliness of the rich. His own situation and his account of the rich old man who dies on the massage table—a body on a slab for all his money—may be an attempt to introduce a perspective on the materialism of the rest of the characters. On stage, it comes across as a sentimental indulgence of the author, another example of the softness that weakens the potentially harsh satiric impact of the play. In the same way, a long speech by Mrs. Toothe on the need to make accommodations in the world, a familiar Albee lecture built on the foundation of a speech that Cooper uses simply to foreshadow the final murder scene, seems extraneous in a situation in which the comic point lies in the facility with which the characters accommodate themselves to anything.

Before the Second World War, it was a common practice to convert English comedies to American settings when they were done on Broadway, but today—when Broadway is a kind of annex to the West End—the sea change is hardly necessary. In *Everything in the Garden*, Albee has taken over a moderately effective English comedy, weakened its original impact, substituted no domestic satire more inspired than comments on saving cigarette coupons, and fallen short of a perhaps involuntary attempt to turn it into a genuine Albee play.

"That corpse you planted last year
in your garden,
Has it begun to sprout?"

Imperfect and Nonpareil

ROLAND GELATT

THE CENTENARY of Toscanini's birth this year has occasioned a generous outpouring of records. A few of these are "new," in the sense that they offer hitherto unpublished performances culled from the archives of Toscanini's NBC Symphony broadcasts. Mostly, however, they are low-priced reissues of the standard Toscanini literature—the Beethoven and Brahms symphonies, Rossini and Verdi overtures, excerpts from the Wagner music dramas, tone poems by Smetana, Strauss, Debussy, and Respighi. Together they provide an opportunity for reexamining the work of a musician who dominated his time as no other conductor has done before or since.

In considering this recorded legacy it is essential to distinguish between its effect on listeners who experienced Toscanini "live" and its effect on those who know him solely via the loudspeaker. Those of us fortunate enough to belong in the former category will hear the recordings with very different ears. We can bring to these flawed documents an added dimension, refurbishing the frequently harsh sound and grainy textures with our recollections of what a Toscanini performance was really like. The others—alas, an ever-increasing majority—will be faced by some puzzling and occasionally unpersuasive evidence.

TWO VITAL ELEMENTS are missing from the Toscanini records: the mesmeric effect he exerted on his audiences and the unique clarity of sound he drew from an orchestra. As a fairly regular Toscanini concertgoer from 1938 to 1954, I can attest to the extraordinary strength of that mesmerism. Toscanini had only to walk out on stage for the place to begin vibrating with excitement. He radiated a rare kind of personal magnetism, and its emanations kept both his instrumentalists and his listeners in a state of intense, vigilant, almost apprehensive attention. One could sometimes leave a Toscanini concert with reservations. Never with boredom.

None of this hypnotic power is conveyed on the records. Nor is the true Toscanini sound accurately reproduced by the pre-stereo engineering of the 1940's and early 1950's. In the concert hall Toscanini achieved an astonishing transparence, balancing orchestral choirs in such a way that each strand in the most complex musical tapestry could be apprehended. Even when he unleashed a vigorous crescendo, nothing muddied this diaphanous clarity. As a result, Toscanini's climaxes seemed more than just loud; they filled the auditorium and penetrated to the very marrow of his listeners. That transparence comes across only fitfully in the recordings. Fortissimo passages fare especially poorly; instead of the carefully equilibrated sonorities summoned by the conductor, we hear thudding crunches.

The Toscanini recordings thus present incomplete testimony and do not adequately explain the immensity of the conductor's reputation from the early years of this century to his retirement almost fourteen years ago. Nevertheless, a good deal still remains—enough, I think, to make many of his discs indispensable in any well-rounded library of recorded music. This is not the place to expatiate on the ingredients of Toscanini's mastery. Many books have been written on the subject, among which Samuel Antek's *This Was Toscanini* (Vanguard Press) and B. H. Haggin's *The Toscanini Musicians Knew* (Horizon Press) strike me as far and away the best. They deal persuasively with his undeviating honesty and commitment, his classical restraint working in tandem with the most dazzling orchestral execution, his subtle modifications of a singing and always forward-surging line, his synoptic view of musical architecture. All this does not invariably come across in the recordings, but there are sufficient nuggets to make them worthwhile even for those who cannot fill out their imperfections from memory.

The Dvorak *New World* Sym-

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phony (Victrola 1249), the Beethoven Septet (a delightful bonus in an album devoted to the nine symphonies—Victrola 8000, eight discs), Debussy's *Iberia* (Victrola 1246), Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker* (Victrola 1263) are a few particularly good ones. But it is invidious to pick and choose from this prodigal collection of reprints. Their price is low, the sound (given the basic limitations of the original material) good, and the interpretations never without interest. More Toscanini reissues are promised for 1968, incidentally, including the complete *Aïda* and *Bohème*.

THE PERFORMANCES new to records are contained in an album entitled "A Toscanini Treasury of Historic Broadcasts" (RCA Victor 6711, five discs), more than half of which is devoted to two composers not ordinarily associated with the conductor, Sibelius and Shostakovich. The former is represented by his Symphony No. 2 and *Pohjola's Daughter* (both played with a refinement this composer seldom receives), the latter with his First and Seventh Symphonies. The remaining records are given over to Haydn and Brahms. There are first-rate things here—the Haydn Symphony No. 99 in a typically lithe and singing interpretation, a stunning razorsharp reading of the perky Shostakovich First, and the Sibelius pieces noted above—but they are mostly footnotes to the Toscanini legacy and their belated issue has struck many observers as a rather lame way of celebrating his hundredth anniversary.

What some of us had hoped for was an album devoted to rehearsal excerpts. Any musician who played under Toscanini will tell you that his rehearsals far surpassed the subsequent concert performances. This theme runs like a *leitmotiv* through B. H. Haggin's collection of interviews. Thus, violist Nicolas Moldavan reports: "His great moments were not at the concerts; they were at the rehearsals; and anybody who missed them, missed Toscanini . . . that was where there were the moments of beauty and intensity that only Toscanini could achieve."

My own favorite Toscanini record, the one I return to more often than any other, is a private-label pressing of segments from his rehearsals for *La Traviata,* including the long scene between Violetta and Germont in which the old man sings both parts in a raspy but ever so expressive croak. Here the interpretation is more spacious, more relaxed, more lyrical than in the published broadcast performance, and the record fully bears out the testimony of his players that Toscanini's really towering achievements took place when he was alone with his musicians. A sizable archive of rehearsal sessions exists on tape, and their dissemination on records might perform wonders in helping to revive the Toscanini image.

For his image today is decidedly tarnished. The sale of Toscanini records has fallen off precipitously, and young opinion makers now pay him little heed. In part this is due to the deficiencies of the recordings, in part to the normal posthumous reaction against a figure so oversold and overpublicized in his lifetime. But the explanation goes deeper than that. If Toscanini is less of a hero today than he seemed twenty years ago, it is because the terrain he fought for is now safely secured. Today an entire school of conductors, men who fell under his influence in their formative years, carries forward (with varying degrees of success) the guiding precepts of his interpretative approach.

Such musicians as Szell, Steinberg, Karajan, Solti, and Leinsdorf hold in common the same basic gospel—fidelity to the composer's text, the most exigent standards of orchestral execution, strict maintenance of tempo, a classic rather than a romantic orientation—and that gospel stems directly from Toscanini. The tradition he established has thus become the Establishment. But in music as in the other arts, the man who says it first usually says it best, and there are still a good many of us who have yet to find an entirely acceptable substitute for the old maestro.

A Christmas Play

They act this play out in a northern cold,
Four angry children fighting over parts.
One, weary at the Inn-door, has become
A raucous Magus who forgets his part,
And will not sing, or will not sing the words,
Resenting he must give up what he is
To what he never was or will be; in the end
The Virgin has become a Shepherd Boy,
And Joseph bellows *glorias* upstairs,
Sent there to be an Angel, but born obstinate
In being; one won't play at all,
But sits and strokes the plaster Ox which stands
Four-square beside its empty stall and chews
A year's dry upstairs-closet dust; the night
Is thickening with snow, and none believe
They take their part to any end, but are
What blood of season makes them out to be,
Virgin, Angel, King, or bitter Spouse.
They fight to play whatever part they take; none fight
To play a mute child unattended in the straw,
But watch the snow dust on the windowscreens, and taste
A dust of Eden thicker than the snow.
Beasts roar outside, grown frantic with the cold.
Their voices freeze in gardens on the glass.

—JOHN ENGELS

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BOOKS

Two Ladies of Legend

DANIEL HOFFMAN

THE LAST YEARS OF A REBEL: A MEMOIR OF EDITH SITWELL, by Elizabeth Salter. *Houghton Mifflin. $5.*

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF MARIANNE MOORE. *Macmillan/Viking. $8.50.*

Edith Sitwell and Marianne Moore come together, in Miss Salter's memoir, when Miss Moore, in London, visits her ailing friend. "Their conversation reached out and never quite made a connection. . . . Edith closed her eyes and returned to sleep." This sense of debility, of opportunities come to little, runs through Miss Salter's book. She was Dame Edith's secretary during the seven years before the poet's death in 1964. The period Miss Salter witnessed was not a happy ending for this self-dramatizing, egocentric, and talented woman. Her memoirist recounts her need to put down someone who failed to acknowledge her honorary doctorate with a tart note to which she signed "D. Litt." four times, once for each award of the degree.

No more endearing is her need to humiliate anyone who, after her elevation to the O.B.E., omitted her title. Such overweening pride of place seems more vulgar than one would expect from the granddaughter of the Earl of Londesborough, or from a woman whose poems had won the praises of Yeats, Gertrude Stein, and Stephen Spender—indeed, who was regarded by many after the Second World War as England's greatest living poet. But we are unfair to judge her by *gaffes* of her waning years. Such mock battles and rude ripostes served as a tonic to the ailing controversialist, reduced to conquering ennui by conducting splenetic vendettas against chance correspondents or hostile reviewers. Bad luck for her that the latter by then included such makers of contemporary taste as Robert Conquest and A. Alvarez; it was not always so.

It is a merit of Miss Salter's story that although Edith Sitwell is shown as proud, impatient, testy, and demanding, the reader is yet won over by her spunk and her own kind of integrity. Under all that bluster and those Elizabethan robes and jewels, she was, it appears, terribly unsure of herself. Her life had a pathos that the reader of her poems might suspect as little as would a nonreader who knew her only as a public figure appearing always either in costume or in controversy.

Growing up in the household described in her brother Osbert's autobiography, Edith Sitwell not surprisingly was thought, and was made to feel herself, an ugly duckling in Horseback Hall. Her peremptory and opinionated father forced Edith, when young, to be strapped into a device for the correction of her posture and the shape of her nose. Who could outgrow such humiliation? The poor girl was fated to write a book about English eccentrics, and to try to become one. Although her portrait by Tchelitchew (with whom Miss Salter says she had been in love) shows Edith Sitwell, then in her thirties, to resemble the princess in *Le Roman de la Rose*, she could never think herself other than as plain as her "Jane, Jane,/Tall as a crane." When asked, on her seventy-fifth birthday, if she had enjoyed her years, she replied, "I must say no—I have had an extremely unhappy life."

MISS SALTER calls her memoir *The Last Years of a Rebel*, but as she takes her subject's stature for granted and does not discuss her writings, the significance of Edith Sitwell's rebellion is not quite clear. Hers was a personal revolt against the constraints of her upbringing, a revolt expressed both by the controversies she relished and by the poems she wrote. The petty feuds of the last few years were the habitual gestures of one who had, four decades earlier, really tilted against the Philistines. But if her feuds and her stagy presence belong, as F. R. Leavis once rather cruelly said, to the history of publicity, her best work belongs —although that critic did not think so—to the history of literature. Her best work transcends her personality and gives expression to her time.

Since her death three years ago, her reputation has sagged. Her late writings are, I think, less relevant to us now than the poems from 1915 to 1929, with which she startled a generation already subject to many aesthetic shocks. Her later poetry, written after a ten-year silence and during conversion to the Roman Catholic Church, was vatic and oratorical, heavy with religious themes, and in debt to a stock Romantic vocabulary. Gone were the lightness of touch, the zany humor, the irrationality with fear breaking through that gave her early work its distinctive stamp. No doubt "Still Falls the Rain" brought sacrificial dignity to what England was enduring in the air raids in 1940, but it now seems rhetorical and lack-

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ing in the directness of treatment that characterizes the greatest poetry.

Edith Sitwell's gift was not for direct treatment, however, but for the startling use of artifice. In the gaiety and fantastication of the songs in *Façade* and *The Sleeping Beauty* she gave ironic thrust and rhythmic verve to a comic distortion of life, as in the ballet form she favored, an abstraction whose truth was striated with pathos and fear. "Her language," said Yeats (in a BBC broadcast the recording of which Dame Edith, years later, would play to her guests), "is the traditional language of literature, but twisted, torn, complicated, jerked here and there by strained resemblances, unnatural contacts, forced upon it by terror or by some violence beating in her blood, some primitive obsession that civilization can no longer exercise." These fragments torn of terror are heaped in *Gold Coast Customs* (1929). Here contemporary England is enmeshed in images of cannibalism, gold, poverty, death. In atavistic rhythms she chanted the breakdown of the old stable society whose disastrous dissolution provided the subject and the style of the modernist movement in all the arts of *l'entre deux guerres.* At her death Marianne Moore spoke of her "tremendous impact" and said, "I admired her courage and her compassion, her fortitude and good spirits."

LIKE DAME EDITH, Marianne Moore has herself become a familiar of the unliterary public, frequently photographed as she is in her trim white blouse beneath a sweeping black tricorne. But where the Sitwell regalia seemed a costume put on for an elaborate game of dress-ups, Miss Moore's public appearance and the person in her poems are really one. Were she merely the domesticatress of exotic animals whom *Life* photographs at the zoo, or the piquant selector of surprising details who wrote, the other day, on fashion in "Topics of the *Times*," her poems would be merely diversions. Their surfaces are alive with immediacy and delight; hence they have pleased many who read only surfaces.

Now, to celebrate her eightieth birthday last month, we have *The Complete Poems of Marianne Moore*, a handsomely printed book in which, the author's note alerts us, "Omissions are not accidents." Here are the poems (nearly all, in fact) that Miss Moore wants us to keep, in the form she wants us to keep them. Several have been rewritten, always by excision of details she now feels superfluous, and with a greater coincidence of the line and the syn-

tactical unit. That is to say, her work is easier to "get," but this accessibility comes at no cost to its individuality.

Although she has written no Grand Tours of World Culture like *The Waste Land* or the *Cantos*, nor essayed an American epic like *Paterson*, nor given as long a meditation as "Notes Toward a Supreme Fiction," her *Complete Poems* remind us that Marianne Moore belongs among the authors of those ambitious works as one who changed the language, the forms, and the feeling of American poetry. Her gifts may at first seem designed for cameo work, for discovering the surprising detail, the unsuspected similitude. Like Edith Sitwell she delights in the exotic, but with how much more delicate an ear does she arrange her rhythms and her sounds. Miss Moore has always had in abundance the delight that Wallace Stevens called "the gaiety of language."

ALMOST half a century after her first little pamphlet appeared, we can readily see that Miss Moore began writing at the top of her form, with her characteristic combination of elegance and rectitude. Unlike Edith Sitwell and many younger poets, she has not found it necessary to disown her earlier style, subjects, or self; perhaps because her first work was conceived by a self and expressed in a style that could scarcely be exhausted. As for subjects, who else could have had such a range? Through her we meet the jerboa, the pangolin, the basilisk, for she is a fabulist who gives all her creatures human relevance.

It is characteristic that she should follow "The Mind Is an Enchanting Thing" with her poem "In Distrust

Official Entry Form

The contest closes January 1;
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who cannot be responsible for them.
All poems must be typed and double-spaced,
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all entries lacking postage will be burned.
Good luck! and please remember that we all
prefer free verse to the traditional.

—TED KOOSER

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of Merits," as relevant now as during the war in which she wrote it: "The world's an orphans' home. . . . There never was a war that was not inward." Her later poems embrace ball teams and racehorses as well as the Arctic ox and Leonardo; what she values most, as she says in her poem "New York," is what Henry James called "accessibility to experience."

Close as are her ties to the other poets of her generation, who together established the contemporary sensibility, as I reread her now it seems that, deeper than the innovational character of her metrics and the modernity of her presentation, is a quality which she perpetuates from an older tradition best exemplified by Robert Frost. I do not mean her response to nature, for Miss Moore has never been a writer of bucolics; the nature this New Yorker celebrates may be found in the zoo, in the Botanical Gardens, or in some volume borrowed from the library. The quality of which I speak is rather an aspect of character, a probity that shiningly survives into the confusions of our day. I do not suggest that Marianne Moore is overtly a religious writer, although her celebrations of life are nothing if not reverential. I think of her rather as a poet whose attitude to experience has so fully comprehended Thoreau's "higher laws" that integrity of spirit, justness, proportion, and humaneness exist as preconditions to her opening her eyes upon the world and finding, amidst our sufferings, the materials of our delight.

I CANNOT refrain from making a little anthology of quotations to suggest some salient qualities in her poems. Of a work of art, Miss Moore writes, "Ecstasy affords/the occasion and expediency determines the form." But form she does not overpraise, for elsewhere she says, "Truth is no Apollo/Belvedere, no formal thing." Contemplating that erratum of nature, the ostrich, she would "dramatize a meaning/ always missed by the externalist." The delight she discovers is neither casual nor transient, for, as she says, "One's enjoyment . . . must acknowledge the spiritual forces that have made it." She has found "wings uniting levity with strength," and although she discovers sublimity in the near-at-hand she maintains in one of her latest poems that

> "Nothing mundane is divine;
> Nothing divine is mundane."

Her most anthologized poem, "Poetry," is the one she has most severely revised. Here is the entire new text:

> "I, too, dislike it.
> Reading it, however, with a perfect
> contempt for it, one
> discovers in
> it, after all, a place for the
> genuine."

That's it, then. Those who miss her familiar lines about the place, among the genuine, of "the base-/ball fan, the statistician," of "business documents and/school-books," of "imaginary gardens with real toads in them," can retrieve all in the notes at the back of the book, where the original text is reprinted. The rest of the notes record the sources of lines in which, she says, "the chief interest is borrowed." Of course the chief interest is really in the pattern into which these mosaics are fitted. The notes are a fascinating record of the unlikely paths along which Miss Moore found the touchstones of her imagination—pieces in the daily paper, snatches of conversation, a *Report on Introduction of Domestic Reindeer into Alaska,* a phrase from a sermon, a bock beer ad—an anthology that would appeal to Robert Burton were he to revise *The Anatomy of Melancholy.* It is our fortune that from her touchstones, common and strange, Miss Moore has made an anatomy of joy.

What's Good for the Cities...

WOODY KLEIN

CITIES IN A RACE WITH TIME, by Jeanne R. Lowe. *Random House. $10.*

"The slum is as old as civilization," wrote Jacob Riis, the Danish immigrant who nearly a century ago launched the beginnings of the social-reform movement. "Civilization implies a race to get ahead. In a race there are usually some who for one cause or another cannot keep up, or are thrust out from among their fellows. They fall behind, and when they have been left far in the rear they lose hope and ambition, and give up. . . . They are the victims, not the masters, of their environment; the bad environment becomes the heredity of the next generation."

Despite the efforts at reform that Riis himself instigated during the administration of Theodore Roosevelt and that were carried further under the New Deal and by every successive administration since, Riis's words are as true today as they were when they were written in 1902.

Jeanne R. Lowe has picked up Riis's theme in the title of her book *Cities in a Race with Time* and shares with him a compelling desire for reform. But the New York of 1900 is not the United States of 1967. Riis's contribution was to bring forth a shocking and valuable chronology of specific social evils. Miss Lowe has instead recorded in lively, readable terms the broad history of the battle against poverty since America's founding. In its description of the successes and failures of efforts at reform in New York, New Haven, Pittsburgh, Washington, and Philadelphia, her book attempts to answer the troublesome question: Where did we go wrong and why?

"Americans have developed cities poorly in the past and have reacted to urban problems only in crisis," she writes at the outset of the book. "Even recent efforts at renewal and development leave much to be desired. . . . The ability to do better in the future lies partly in comprehending the many-layered past on which we must build or rebuild." In starting with "The Dead Hand of the Past," a view of the people and programs that built our cities, Miss Lowe is careful not to assign blame too easily, and, unlike so many others, she offers no scapegoats.

She proceeds from a survey of the past to examinations of New York and Robert Moses, Pittsburgh's "renaissance," and the frustrations

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of rebuilding Washington's Southwest section. She discusses relocation, urban housing, discrimination, and poverty before going on to studies of Philadelphia's survival through planning and New Haven's efficient renewal program. Finally, there is an assessment of the nation's progress, a look backward and ahead.

ALL OF THIS is enlivened by Miss Lowe's talent for unfolding the complicated urban crisis in terms of individuals. Her account of Robert Moses's rise and fall, for example, is fascinating. Moses, "The Man Who Got Things Done for New York," has come in for some strong criticism in recent years; but, according to Miss Lowe, even his critics sometimes wish he would come back. On balance, Miss Lowe's own evaluation is favorable.

Her account of how the press finally caught up with Moses's housing shenanigans is unfortunately not so accurate or complete as the story of Moses himself. Inconsistently, she criticizes the New York press for failing to explain the Title I scandals of the late 1950's ("several afternoon papers" ran exposés that "gave off more heat than light"), then appears to approve of the press's reporting of "tales of favoritism in project awards and contracts for technical services, as well as apparent conflicts of interest, or at least ethical wrongdoing. . . ."

Of the five cities Miss Lowe explores, New Haven offers perhaps the most interesting story. She properly subtitles her chapter on it "New Haven Goes the Whole Route," because of Mayor Richard C. Lee's talent and good fortune in putting together a program and a team of men second to none in the nation. Measured in economic terms, it has meant $790 in Federal Title I aid for each resident of New Haven compared to $41 in New York.

In explaining and reviewing the nation's big programs to date—the public-housing, urban-redevelopment, and urban-renewal programs—Miss Lowe is lucid and comprehensive. Her account of the "tools" of government is important because of the expanded new goals that have been set in housing production and their coincidence with recent cries for major reforms in government administration of existing programs. New York City Housing and Development Administrator Jason R. Nathan recently told former Senator Paul Douglas's National Commission on Urban Problems: "The entire concept of Federal aid as we know it may be completely wrong." Nathan, a former Federal housing official, asserted: "Even if the Federal government spent ten times the money they do now—which they won't—it would not be enough. After ten or fifteen years of traditional programs, for example, we have not even begun to approach the problem in Bedford-Stuyvesant" in Brooklyn.

The public-housing program, as Miss Lowe points out, built housing but not enough of it, and failed to do very much about the social problems of slum dwellers. The era of high-rise public-housing projects has passed, and private enterprise has not been sufficiently involved to fill the vacuum. While government comes up with rehabilitation, code enforcement, rat control, and other palliative programs, the root problems of our ghettos get worse.

The author's own blueprint for action is based on what she believes is a need for basic and major changes: "The fact is that we have been engineering an enormous revolution in our ways of doing things in and for cities, a revolution that has only begun. We do not call it a revolution partly because the changes have taken place within the traditional framework of government. But the main reason, I believe, is because good cities are becoming good business and good politics in America."

Miss Lowe states that "a new era of localism has begun," and she encourages those who believe in full self-determination for the cities. In answer to the present local roadblocks—bureaucracy, lack of money, and lack of talent—Miss Lowe calls for "local business leaders who will use their power, influence and money on behalf of their community, crossing party lines if need be, backing up government when it must take risks, and carrying local causes to higher levels of influence. Cities need the commitment and influence of their elite."

Supporting the need for local action, Miss Lowe points out that there is still in Washington no major department geared to meet all the needs of the cities. The new Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) has begun to combine physical and social renewal in its Model Cities projects, but, as Miss Lowe says, there are scores of major programs directly affecting cities still under the jurisdiction of other departments and agencies. It is "incredible," she says, that the United States has no over-all policy body or stated goals.

IT IS CLEAR from Miss Lowe's numerous references to the power of U.S. business and industry that she is among those who believe that only with the co-operation of business can the United States hope to save its cities, a viewpoint that has earned considerable political support in recent months.

A majority of businesses are obviously cautious, but more than a hundred of seven hundred major firms questioned recently evinced a willingness to build new plants in or near slums if labor, land, tax, fire-protection, and other "conditions" were met. One cannot be sure that it was the spectacle of cities afire last summer that finally pushed the corporate hierarchy into action, but there nevertheless appears to be a new awareness.

If the two-thirds of all Americans who live in metropolitan areas are ever to attain the good life, Miss Lowe summarizes, it will take all of the talent, energy, and money the nation can summon. Among the good reasons for pessimism, she says, there are also strong rays of hope. "One encouraging sign is the exceptional men and women who have stepped forward in increasing numbers to meet the urban challenges." Another is "the new awareness on the part of business and government leaders that there is an intimate relationship between local human capital—the education, talents, and well-being of the people who live and work in a community—and the economic vitality and potential for renewal of that community."

Will the cities always be in a race with time? Miss Lowe's answer: "If well run, the race itself will constitute the good life."

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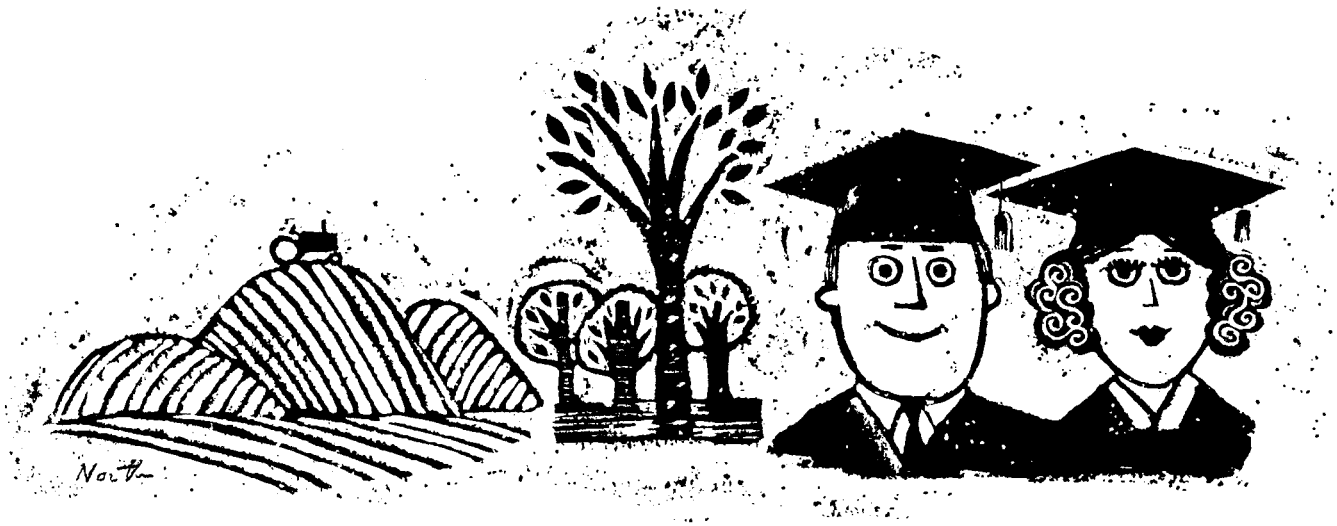
Corporate Conservation of College Resources



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